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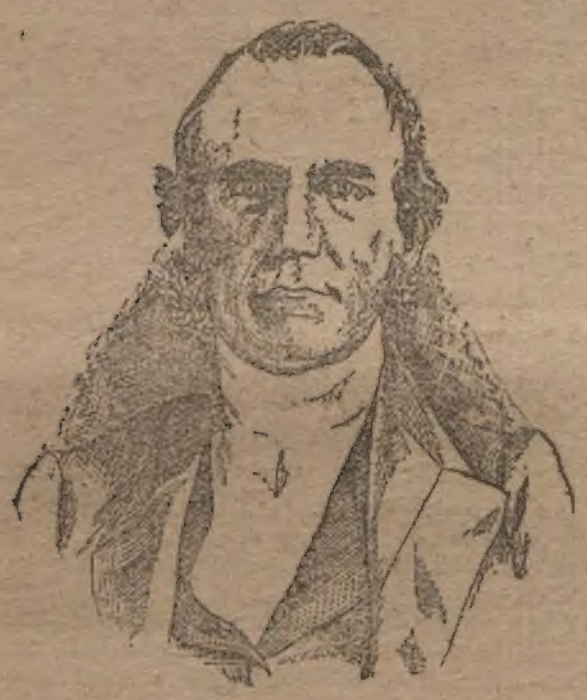
The Apostle of the North.

The fascinating story of James Evans, the Apostle of the North, strangely inspires noble souls of this later day bravely to do and dare for earth's less favored ones.

In the early years of the last century there lived in the town of Kingston-on-Hull a sturdy little English lad, fired with the ambition to become a sailor like his father. But after some wild and tempestuous voyages on the Baltic Sea, bravely and cheerfully done, notwithstanding coarse fare and hard work, the energy of the little lad was turned in another direction. After a few years at school he became apprenticed to a grocer, a noble Christian man, in the town of Hull.

There came thither the famous Irish missionary, Gideon Ouseley, whose preaching stirred to its depths the soul of the lad, and was the direct means of bringing him into the light



THE REV. JAMES EVANS.

of the new life. The rare abilities of the youth soon attracted attention, and, with a few others, he was sent to hold services in adjoining villages, where he completely won the hearts of his rustic hearers. Energetic, industrious, and with a rare personal magnetism that inevitably attracted others to him, James Evans could not but succeed in life.

After some years in Hull he accepted of a position in London, but, sad to relate, life in the great metropolis was not helpful to his soul's development. A few years later he joined his father's family in Quebec, where he became a school-teacher.

It was at an old-fashioned camp-meeting that Evans realized once again the deep, true beauty of a life at one with God, and received the inspiration that enabled him later to enter upon his life-work as a missionary to the red man. From his backwoods schoolhouse he was called, when twenty-seven years of age, to teach among the Indians at Rice Lake, and two years later was received into the regular ministry.

With accustomed energy he threw himself heart and soul into his new work.

'In 1835 Mr. Evans was appointed to the St. Clair Mission. When he went among them they were a drunken, idle, ignorant, degraded body of pagans. During Mr. Evans's residence among them the whole tribe embraced Christianity, and began to attend to all the duties of civilized life. They became total abstainers, and by their sobriety, honesty, and industry won the respect and admiration of the whites, who live in the vicinity.'

Three years later there came another change when he was appointed to the Lake Superior regions. Leaving behind him wife and daughter, that the latter might have educational advantages, he journeyed from the regions of civilization to the far-away haunts of the pagan Indian.

In the far north country, the Hudson's Bay Company had for long years been trading with the Indians over a vast extent of territory. York Factory, on the Hudson Bay, and Norway House, about twenty miles north of the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, were two of their great distributing centres. For several years the officials had noted a migratory movement of Indians southward, for which it seemed difficult at first to find a reason. However, it dawned upon them at last, that these wanderers were travelling to the south that they might hear for themselves about the new religion being taught their more southerly neighbors, vague rumors of which had reached them in their northern homes. The officials of the company, most desirous of retaining these Indians for their service in the north, saw that it was wisdom to give them missionaries in their own homes, and so applied to the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, requesting that they would open some mission stations in the Hudson's Bay Territories, among the Indian tribes. With this request the Missionary Society complied, appointing three English missionaries, with James Evans, of Canada, as leader of the new movement.

The journey to Norway House, where Mr. Evans was to make his home, and the headquarters of his work, was in those early days long and difficult. From Montreal he started, with his wife and daughter, on the westward trip. By Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Superior they journeyed to Fort William in the steamboats of those days. Thence, by birch-bark canoe, running many a treacherous rapid, making many a rough portage, day after day, week after week, the little party pushed bravely on to the journey's end, and the far-off Norway House became their home. Here they received a cordial welcome from the official in charge of this important establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, and for a time they made their home at the Fort, for their household goods had not yet arrived, having been sent from Canada by way of England.

It was no easy task that awaited the missionary. To bring light to the dark Indian mind, required much patience amid difficulty, much courage amid many discouragements. But bravely and aggressively he labored on, his motto ever, 'Christianity first, then civilization.' News of the arrival of the 'praying master,' as the Crees called the missionary, spread far and wide, and from distant hunting-grounds came eager souls to hear the story he had come so far to tell them. Often the men would return for their families, that all might hear the good news.

As soon as a number of Indians had been guided by the great light into the way of truth, they began to long for a better mode of life. The manner in which they were often huddled together in their wigwams was conducive to neither health nor morality. Mr. Evans undertook the work of establishing a new Indian village. A beautiful spot about two miles north of the Fort was selected. Trees were felled, a clearing was made, fields and garden-plots were laid out, and Mr. Evans himself taught the men how to build houses and how to cultivate their land.

To keep the men at this kind of work was no easy task, for their pagan associates all laughed them to scorn for doing menial work fit only for women. Then, too, the hunter's blood stirred within their veins, and at times longings for the chase grew strong. But they loved their 'praying master,' and patiently he led them on.

At the same time Mrs. Evans worked among

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THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CREE SYLLABIC CHARACTERS.

the women, and to them indeed the new light brought relief from cruel bondage.

Mr. Evans thought and prayed much, and one day there flashed into his mind the great thought, 'Why cannot a simpler, easier method of learning to read be invented than our old, slow, cumbersome one with the alphabet?'

The result, after much study and experimenting, was the invention of the thirty-six syllabic characters, which made it possible for the Indians to learn to read in a very short time. Each character is a syllable, hence the number of characters in a word corresponds with the number of syllables. When the pupil has once learned these characters he is prepared to read at once, without the arduous task of learning to spell.

A temporary printing press was devised by this resourceful man from the rude apparatus used for compressing bales of furs, and translations of hymns and portions of the Bible began to make their way into the Indian camps. Great was the astonishment of the natives. Many of the superstitious were filled with fear, and would not touch the magic birch-bark that could talk.

This system was speedily adopted by the British and Foreign Bible Society for the printing of the Scriptures in the Cree and many cognate languages. It has even been used in the form of raised characters for the

instruction of the blind natives of China, who number about two million souls.

Mr. Evans's patience and perseverance in printing his first selections of the Scriptures, hymns, and catechisms were as remarkable as his genius in inventing the characters. He procured sheets of lead, which lined the tea chests imported by the Hudson's Bay Company, and from them cast metal type. For ink he used a fluid mixture of gunpowder; for paper the thin bark of the birch-tree. The pages were neatly sewn by deer thongs or tough fibre into little books. When Lord Dufferin was told at Rideau Hall, by the Rev. E. R. Young, of this man's achievements, he was deeply stirred, and walking up and down the room declared that men had received a tomb and monument in Westminster Abbey who had not done as much for the welfare of the race.

Of our hero's long, cold, tedious journeys by dog-train that he might visit the Indians scattered over the vast plains, of the many hardships bravely endured, it would take too long to tell.

But sorrow and trouble awaited this brave soul. One of the strong points of his teaching to the new converts was the observance of the Sabbath, and this brought him into conflict with the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, who felt that in a land where the summers were so short, and where such long, difficult journeys must be taken by their men, while the rivers were open for canoeing, rest from labor for one-seventh of the time would bring great financial loss. It was proven, however, that the Christian Indians accomplished more in six days than the pagans in seven.

Mr. Evans was nevertheless informed that his teaching on this question was inciting the Indians to rebellion against the company, and must cease, but he was firm. Persecution began. The governor of the company, Sir George Simpson, a hard, unprincipled man, feeling that his own will must rule, and jealous of Mr. Evans's popularity among the Indians, caused false reports, damaging to the missionary's reputation, to be circulated in order to destroy his influence among the people.

A mock trial was held, Sir George, himself the false accuser, acting as judge. Through the cruel reports sent by him to headquarters in London, false charges were preferred against the missionary to the officials of the church at home, and he was recalled.

Before, however, the message reached him, there came another sorrow, that well-nigh broke his heart. On one of his trips to the far North-West, with two Christian Indians, by a sad, sad accident, he shot one of them. Never again was he the same man as before, never again did the old buoyancy of disposition quite return.

Broken in spirit, he journeyed alone to the far-distant home of the bereaved family, and gave himself up, that they might do with him as they would. Between him and the cruel avengers of blood, the old mother of the dead man, perceiving his genuine sorrow, intervened, and he was adopted into the tribe in place of the lost son; and a kind son did he prove himself to be to his foster-parents, helping to provide for their comfort out of his scanty means, for as long as he lived they received a portion of his salary.

On his return to Norway House he continued his work, until the sad news reached him of the cruel accusations of his enemies. Grief-stricken and sad at heart, he broke up his home, left his beloved work to others, and began the long, long journey to England. At last he and his noble wife reached the Old Land, only to find how strong was the prejudice there aroused against him by the heartless and damaging reports.

However, full investigation was made, and after the most intense suffering of soul, the accused man, to his unutterable joy, was proven perfectly innocent of the charges laid against him.

The tide turned in his favor. The people became wildly enthusiastic over this hero from the far-off land of the red man, and eager to hear the story of his wonderful labors. Night after night throngs of people listened, spell-bound, to the strange story.

But though he was a man of only forty-five years of age, the arduous labors of the past years, the prolonged suffering of mind and of heart, had rendered him physically unequal to endure this excitement long. After one of these enthusiastic evenings he was chatting quietly and joyfully with his wife and host and hostess, over the probability of returning to his far-off Indian friends. Presently, as he sat in his chair, he was overcome by the sleep that wakes not here on earth.—'Onward.'

Conversion that Cost £3,000.

(The Rev. C. H. Yatman, in 'The Christian.')

Preaching is ofttimes very expensive for the listeners. But likewise very profitable. It cost one man who heard me $14,750 for a single discourse; and yet I was none the richer, save in gladness of heart and joy of mind.

Those who think the Gospel of our risen Lord has lost its power to produce great upheavals in human life should read the unwritten records of missionaries, whose truth must of necessity be like fire against the secret iniquity of those before them, if any change come to their character by Christ. It is truth that makes men free. What prison is worse or what slavery more galling than that of a man locked in the cell of knowledge of his own foul deed, or chained to habit of wrong, the thought of which, day and night, is like unto the flesh-tearing lash of the Arab slave-trader?

The unheard groans and unmeasured pains of men in secret sin, if put in form of weight, would sink a world. The preacher knows this only too well, if he be a true preacher, and has knowledge of God, and of the Bible, and of men. Furthermore, he knows that here or hereafter there can be no peace apart from repentance; that there is no use in trying to heal a wound until the splinter is pulled out—and genuine repentance includes restitution, where it can be made.

Amid scenes of men engaged in making money—making it by means fair or foul—I stood in a crowded hall, facing an immense throng. Two out of every three of the company were men. By some good power of God, Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, good and bad, were there alike. The hymns were poorly sung; the people were in no humor to praise, and scarcely in any mood for prayer. Few bowed their heads when devotions came. The moment arrived for my message, which was 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.' That is a truth which God Almighty has written by history so plainly, that no one but a fool would pass it by unread.

For fully forty minutes I affirmed the truth of the old Bible; history, experience and conscience alike were with me in proof. They knew it was wicked to do wrong, that it was sinful to do evil, that it was criminal to break the laws of God. Little remains in memory of the immediate after-results in the hall, save that scores asked for prayer, and many bowed and wept when I gave the other truth that 'Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall obtain mercy.'

The startling thing happened when I got back to my hotel. I was tired. It had taken life, real life out of me to preach that sermon. I laid my hat on a chair and flung myself on the bed, overcoat and all, completely exhausted. There was a knock at the door, but I was too much worn out to answer. It opened, and in walked a great, tall, fine-looking fellow, fully six feet, dressed as a cowboy, but good stuff; a large sombrero hat, which he kept on, and a big six-shooter stuck in his belt. For a moment he looked at me, and never said a word; then he turned, and locked the door, throwing the key on the floor.

What it all meant I did not know. The fact was I did not care. I had done my duty. I had 'warned the wicked' in a faithful way; and if I was to die now, 'with my boots on,' as they very frequently do in that part of the world—why, I was all ready.

The man pulled a chair up near the bed, sat down, elbows on his knees, hands to his cheeks, his great big brown eyes burning with fire, and looked straight through to my soul. That look lasted fully five minutes. He never spoke a word. I was too tired to utter a syllable. Suddenly he broke out:

'You hit me hard to-night!'

I made no answer.

'Say, can you help a man that lives in hell, and wants to get out?'

I leaned up a little, propped my head with my hand, and asked:

'Who is the man?'

'I, great heavens—I am the one!'

'Tell me about it—let it all out, and if I can help you I will. If I cannot, I know One who can.'

'Who is that?'

'God.'

I sat up on the edge of the bed, and out of the broken heart of my rough visitor came a sad tale of sin. He was at the head of a great ranch, whose cattle, and cotton, and wool made its English owner rich. As trusted agent and manager, he had stolen over thirteen thousand dollars. Stealing makes a man a thief, and the truth of the sermon in the hall had shown him his real self. It was not so much the money that he had stolen, as the thought of what the stealing had made him—a thief! I can hear him repeating it now.

'I'm a thief! I'm a thief! What shall I do?'

I told him. It needs no lawyer to give advice in such a case.

'Repent; restore the money; ask God for mercy. Let him give you a new heart and a good life. Let him make you good, and keep you so.'

He was well able to pay back all he had taken. It was his own proposition to add the interest. We figured it all out at six percent—fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars in round figures.

There is one Englishman who should love America to that amount; at least, he is £3,000 sterling in pocket. The Gospel did it.

My tiredness somehow had left me. When we arose from our knees, where both had prayed, I said:

'Isn't it good to be made good?'

'Yes, better than gold,' said he.

And if any would like to know why one branch of the Christian Church is making such headway in the south-west, I can tell, by pointing out a great-hearted, brown-eyed, six-foot Christian gentleman, whose tireless energy is given to the extension of the Gospel that has real power. This he knows full well.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Shattered Hopes.

'You are to be congratulated, Mrs. Moffat, Daniel is a son to be proud of.'

These words were addressed by a venerable clergyman to a mother at the close of a school examination.

As the minister passed on Daniel came slowly forward. He was the handsomest as well as the cleverest boy in the secondary department of the school, and every eye was turned upon him in admiration as he received his prizes and walked up with them to his proud mother.

Daniel Moffat was the son of a country surgeon, who died when the boy was nine years old. Happily his mother was a woman of strong good sense and Christian principle, and under her careful training Daniel's character was brought out in its fairest colors.

From his childhood Daniel exhibited talents of a high order, and astonished his teachers with his aptitude for acquiring knowledge. His instructors delighted in him, second-sighted mortals prophesied that the lad would make himself a name in the world. But along with his shining qualities Daniel possessed an amiable disposition, which rendered him a universal favorite. He was affectionate, warm-hearted, and generous, the best of sons, as his proud mother declared.

It was Mrs. Moffat's wish that Daniel should be a clergyman, but her means were narrow; and when Daniel was about sixteen a gentleman who had been a personal friend of his father's used his influence to get him into an important house of business in a large commercial city; accordingly the idea of the church as a profession was abandoned.

It was a disappointment to his mother at the time, but ere long Daniel showed that his talents had not been misdirected when they were put to account in the commercial world. He had a clear head, tact and energy, and soon his aptitude for business was observed by his employers. Speedy promotion rewarded his industry and faithfulness to duty; and as years went by he continued to be in favor with his masters. In the gay, giddy season of youth he walked blameless, bravely withstanding temptation, and turning a deaf ear to the syren voice of 'pleasure.' His quiet little chamber at home, with its dearly prized treasures, had more attraction for him when the duties of the day were ended than the theatre or music-saloon. Janet Moffat was amply rewarded for her watchfulness and care in Daniel's exemplary life, and it gladdened her heart to see that as he grew in years he aspired to a noble life.

As a proof of the estimation in which Daniel was held by his employers, he was selected to fill an important situation when little over twenty years of age. His youth did not stand in his way, nor his want of experience, for, as the junior partner said, 'Daniel Moffat's character was made up of "truth" and "faithfulness."'

What a day it was for his mother, that in which Daniel was apprised of this great rise in his fortunes; her heart leapt for joy; and as for his sister, she was almost beside herself with happiness. It was so delightful to think that Daniel had won the confidence of his masters by the worthy manner in which he had fulfilled his duties.

With high hopes Daniel made his new start in life; whatever difficulties beset the way, he was determined to succeed. But there were difficulties in the life of a commercial traveller of which he had no conception.

Mr. Martin, the junior partner, who was a warm friend of Daniel, gave him a hint or two before he set out, that in some measure opened his eyes. Amongst other things, he was informed that in a certain important district he would require to humor his customers in order to gain the good-will of these customers.

Daniel's heart sank when he was told that there was no hope of getting an order in the district afore-mentioned, save through the medium of the social glass. He had been reared on strict temperance principles, and he had no taste for strong drink. For a moment he was almost tempted to resign his appointment, but the fear of displeasing his employers withheld him; and, besides that, he was now the chief support of his mother and sister. He comforted himself that things were not so bad as Mr. Martin represented; but good-will and 'patronage' could only be obtained through the 'cup of kindness' in K——, as Daniel found to his cost.

In vain he tried to excuse himself, his youth and his natural dislike to strong liquor was nothing to the tippling community. The old way of doing business or no business at all. And he had his employers' interests to think of as well as his own likes and dislikes: if he meant to keep 'faith with them,' there was no help for it but to go in with the habits of his patrons.

Late or early, the inevitable bottle was produced. The first journey disgusted Daniel, and he would gladly have returned to his old place again at a third of his salary, but the old place was filled up, and he could not see his way clear to make a change at the present time. He would try a little longer. A year rolled away; and at the end of it Daniel had got accustomed to the tippling system. He did not approve of it by any means; but he was becoming, in a manner, reconciled to the senseless practice, and (so easily is the habit acquired) in course of time he could toss off his glass as quietly as anybody in the town of K——. Another year played its part in the history of time, and then a slight change became visible in Daniel—when he was at home he was excitable and restless. His mother thought 'travelling didn't agree with him;' but Daniel could have told her that it was not the free air of heaven that was poisoning the sweet waters of health, but the 'distiller's fire.'

'If it wasn't for the sake of the business, I would stick to my old principles,' said Daniel; 'I have no love for strong drink, none whatever,' he was constantly assuring himself.

But the day was coming when 'truth' was to show him in her clearest light the mocker's power. It was what we call the festive season—the beginning of a new year—and Daniel, with a light heart, was steaming on to K——. As the train slowed into the station he recognized one or two of his principal customers. In a twinkling he was shaking hands with all of them, then followed the compliments of the season, and Daniel must needs adjourn with his patrons to the 'White Swan.' The morning was yet in its first freshness, but the well-seasoned topers were ready at any time for a 'social glass.'

'Brandy, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' And as soon as the order was given the sparkling liquor appeared on the table.

'Bumpers every round, but all in the way of business,' said Daniel to himself, as he smilingly refilled his glass.

All day long it was a constant scene of tippling; and what with standing 'treat' himself and being treated, Daniel's head was not quite clear when he bade all his friends good-night. His business done, he intended to push on with the last train, but in the commercial room of the 'White Swan' he met in with an acquaintance from his home, and talking over old times he lost the train.

The 'cup of kindness' was replenished, but of course only for 'friendship's sake.' Barbour stopped within the bounds of moderation, but after he had slipped away Daniel filled up another bumper and quaffed it off with fierce gusto. The liquor mounted to his brain, and as the fiery poison coursed through his blood an irresistible craving seized him, and he drank on until he could no longer hold the glass, or see his way to the bottle.

When he came to himself in the dull winter morning he remembered nothing of the past night. But through the thin walls he overheard the landlord telling his wife 'how beastly drunk young Moffat was when the waiter stumbled over him last night.' Then, like a hideous nightmare, the whole scene rose up before him. He was ashamed and affronted, and felt disgraced in the eyes of all the world. Never more could he hold up his head in proud consciousness of unswerving rectitude. His self-respect was gone, his peace of mind, and how would he return to the loving ones at home, whose chief joy was that 'he' could do nothing discreditable?

Daniel was no subject for strong mental excitement. A brain-fever was the result of his disquietude, and he sank under it. His high spirit could not brook the affront that he had brought upon himself. The powers of life were exhausted in the agonies of the tortured spirit, and medical skill was of no avail.

From the first moment that Daniel became conscious of his disgrace until his voice was lost in death, he kept on bewailing his folly, and even in the height of delirium the stammering tongue kept muttering warnings against the arch-deceiver.

It was hard to perish in the bloom of youth, when the leaves of hope were green, and life was bright with golden promise. Hard to pass away to the dark silent tomb in the flush of health and glad young life.

'I thought to have led a noble life, and I had glorious dreams of ease and comfort for the poor old mother in her declining days,' he said, sadly smiling, to the friend who watched his last moments. 'And had I been true "to my early principles," I would have left behind me the

memorial of a good name.'—Scottish Temperance League Pictorial, No. 575.

Do Everything Well.

He who means to do well in one thing must have the habit of doing well.

A young student whom we know was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class, which would entitle him to a scholarship. If he gained the scholarship, he could go on with his course. A well-known professor was interested in the lad's success. He instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.

'Nobody gets perfect marks in everything,' the boy objected.

'That is nothing to the point,' said the teacher. 'You are perfect in my recitations; do as well in the others. But I notice that you write poorly. Now begin there. Whenever you form a word, either with pen or tongue, do it plainly, so that there will be no mistake. This will help you to think clearly and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. Form the habit of excellence.'

The student went resolutely to work, and before the year was far on its way was the leader in his class. He gained his scholarship, and, more than that, he acquired character that has since won him a shining success.—Exchange.

Still Selling Well.

In one of the big departmental stores of New York City, I once saw two stacks of Bibles, each about eight feet high, and I inquired of one of the assistants how they expected to get rid of so many. He looked up in surprise, and said:—

'Perhaps you never had any experience in the book business or you would know that the Bible is the best selling book we have. We sell more copies every year than of any other book in stock. Occasionally there is a run on a popular novel, then the demand will cease; but the Bible is a staple, and sells as well one year as another. We sell from 16,000 to 18,000 copies every year. At Christmas time we have a Bible department, which requires the exclusive attention of three or four men. We make up two of those great stacks every morning, and by night both will be nearly gone. You have no idea how many Bibles are bought for Christmas presents by Sunday-school teachers and fathers and mothers.

'No, we do not sell them in large lots. We sell only one copy at a time as a rule. Our average the year round will run from 120 to 150 a day. No other book has touched the Bible as a seller.'

I got the same story in all the other big department stores, and at the big stores they tell me that the demand for Bibles is steadily increasing. Sometimes there is a spurt which the booksellers cannot account for. At other times there will be a sudden increase in the demand, which will continue for several weeks. Then the sales will drop back into the normal amounts.—Wm. E. Curtis.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Engineer's Story.

No, children, my trips are over,
The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
A tugging pain in my breast;
But here as the twilight gathers,
I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That'll ring in my head for ever,
Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
The night was dropping her shade,
And the 'Gladiator' labored,—
Climbing the top of the grade;
The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slackened motion
Of the up-grade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—a-hold of the lever—
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four,
As the uptrain passed, oft called me,
A-playing round the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashed
The reserve lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant—one, awful and only—
The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
To keep back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad, irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,—
How I got there I never could tell,—
My feet planted down on the cross-bar,
Where the cow catcher slopes to the rail;
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance and measured
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
I saw the bright curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.
I know little more, but I heard it,
The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking—the engine
In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying
I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled with a shudder
I swept my hand over the track;
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying—
We men that run on the road—
But that night, they said, there were faces,
With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years, in the eve and the morning,
As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward
And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her a greeting,
She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fulness of heaven
Blesses me evermore.
—Source Unknown.

Cultivating a Kind Voice.

If one would have a kind voice, says the Boston 'Journal,' one must start in youth to cultivate it, and be on the watch at all times, while at work and while at play. The kind voice must speak the thought of a kind heart.

It is in play that a sharp voice is most easily acquired. Boys and girls say words in a quick, harsh tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If one of them is vexed, the voice sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. It speaks worse than the heart feels. The ill-will is louder in the tone than in the words.

In mirth one may carelessly allow one's voice to grow shrill and unpleasant. Some people have a sharp home voice, and keep a company voice for use elsewhere. It is a safe rule to use one's best voice at home.

The Blow That Counts.

In a gulf on my farm, says an American writer, a ledge of beautiful blue rocks crops out from the ground. One autumn I planned to get some of them out for a wall under my house, but they were so large that I could not move them. The strongest team of horses would not have been able to draw them.

So I brought a stone drill, and with a heavy hammer sunk deep holes into the rock. Into these I put steel wedges and tried to force the rock apart. It was slow work. The stone was hard and firm. Blow after blow would I strike without making the slightest seam in the heavy rock. But by and by I thought I could notice a change in the sound of my hammer. The ring that came back in answer to my blows was not quite so clear. Then I could trace a tiny crevice each way from my wedges. The rock was surely breaking. On I worked, until at last there lay before me two beautiful pieces of stone.

Which one of my blows broke the rock? When did the stone begin to come apart? Was it when I struck the last blow? No; I think you will say it was just as much the first blow as the last. Every one counted.

You cannot win a good name all at once. One act does not make a man great. Honest dealing, earnest purpose, kind and helpful deeds, not for one day, but for all the time, count at last. And that alone. The last blow tells for no more than the first or those between.

If we could only close all our public houses, the forces of true religion would be in the ascendant everywhere.—The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

'A Little Money.'

(Pansy, in the 'C. E. World.')

'Some ways of earning a little money.'

This is the petition which nearly every mail brings to me. Some of my correspondents seem to fancy that I have but to put pen to paper, and out will pour wise practical suggestions with regard to the matter. If this were true, how popular as well as wealthy a person I should be!

Yet 'a little money' is being earned continually by a great many people in many different ways. What is difficult about it is to advise others. Environment has much to do with the subject, local surroundings often furnishing hints that quick wit develop.

Nearly always in such cases it is found that the hints lie about, for months, sometimes for years, waiting for the quick wits to make use of them.

Here is an illustration. A row of currant bushes once flourished and fruited for a family of three, none of whom liked currants very well. Much of the fruit dried on the stems, as there were no neighbors to whom the owners felt at liberty to offer it.

'It is a shame to waste so much fruit!' said the mother of the family. 'We might make jelly, I suppose; only jelly takes a lot of sugar, and isn't meat nor drink after you get it. It is one of the things we can do without.'

Being a family who had to live on the 'do without' scale, they did it. For three successive summers the currants dried on their stems; with the fourth came home a younger daughter, who had been living with an aunt.

She too, could do without jelly; but she reflected at once that there were those who did not, and that she lived across the street from a grocer who sold tiny glasses of it for twenty cents a glass.

Certain calculations with pencil and paper followed, then an interview with the mother, and later with the grocer across the street. Immediate result, ten glasses of jelly sold to the grocer for fifteen cents a glass. At the close of the season ten dollars in the family pocketbook, credited to currants. Moreover, a demand had been created. On the following season certain of the grocer's customers wanted to be sure of getting the same brand of jelly as that last they bought of him.

The currant bushes as soon as they became a source of profit were cared for in such a manner that they yielded more and better fruit. The poor things had been willing to be made profitable during all those wasted years.

There was a young girl who lived on a desolate seacoast, shut in all winter from the world. But there was a large hotel only three miles from her home, filled every summer with city guests; and all winter there were shells and sea weeds and other curious and interesting treasures of the sea brought daily to that young girl's very feet. She studied them, and made friends of them, and loved them. One day the weekly paper had an article in it all about mounting sea-grasses and polishing shells. The girl caught at it, and studied it. She walked eight miles to borrow a book that would tell her more in the same line. She began to experiment, with such results that the day came when sea-shells and sea-mosses and curios sent her to school and then to college. Other fishermen's daughters lived along that same coast, and read that same paper. Only this one applied her wits to her surroundings.

There was a girl not fourteen who had a talent for making dolls' hats out of silk and velvet scraps. She lived next door to a fashionable millinery shop, and was on friendly terms with the workers there. She wanted to take music lessons, and knew that her father could not afford to pay for them. One day she put her wits and her scraps together, and made two doll's hats, marked them twenty-five cents a piece, and hung them in the front window of her mother's room. Before night they were sold, and others had taken their places. In time, dolls' jackets, capes, and even shoes were added, and the south window became a department store for dolls. The business flourished, and the music lessons went on merrily.

There was a maid of fifteen who was said to have the 'knack' of making delicious gingerbread. Said knack came, as is often the case, of long and careful trying. The neighbors liked the gingerbread so well that one day the girl resolved that their tastes and her skill united should give her a summer outing of three weeks in the country; and they did.

Innumerable other instances might be cited, but they would simply emphasize the same thought, viz., that a determination to accomplish, united to a careful study of the situation, is the key to the making of 'a little money' for a definite purpose. Occasionally this is the key to a fortune.

A Timely Rescue.

('Friendly Greetings.')

It is a sad pity that, in the face of all the evil in the world, men have sometimes persecuted those who were really trying to serve God, even though their way may have seemed mistaken. Men have tried to force their own beliefs and ways of worship on others, with the result that those who could not bring themselves to submit have sometimes had to leave their home and country to find freedom elsewhere.

It was from this cause that Randal Osborne and his servant Andrew Gourlay found themselves, with many of their fellow-countrymen, in Holland. But, though safer there than in England, Osborne had at home an enemy who greatly wished to get him into his power, and who left no stone unturned to accomplish his purpose.

Returning to his lodging one evening, Osborne heard from Andrew that two men—fellow-Scotsmen—had been asking for him, as they were the bearers of an important letter requiring his presence at home. On hearing that he was not within, however, they had refused to leave the letter, saying that Osborne might find them at the sign of the 'Peacock,' when, if so minded, he might take passage with them to Scotland.

'But,' added the faithful Andrew, 'canny, laird, canny!' If ye'll be guided by me, ye'll no gang near them. Fair-spoken though they be, I'm muckle mista'en if they're no baith emissaries of Satan sent to ensnare ye. There was a glint in their een that sorted ill wi' their errand.'

But Andrew's words were cut short by his impetuous master, who refused even to allow him to accompany him to the tavern. It was with difficulty that Andrew persuaded him to take his sword, which had been laid aside for many a day. And, after Osborne had gone his way, Andrew went to Hans Hofmeyr, a worthy miller, who had taken an interest in the exiled Scot, and who would probably help on this occasion.

The miller saw that the danger was real, and sent two of his men, well armed, with Andrew. Thus accompanied, the faithful fellow made his way to the 'Peacock,' only to find that his master and the two strangers had left half-an-hour before, leaving no clue as to whither they had gone.

At this instant a man on horseback rode up to the door, asking whether two travellers from Scotland were within. On being told that they had left, he turned his horse's head and galloped off, taking no notice of Andrew and his companions. The latter, however, took notice of him, and followed him as fast as their limbs would take them.

Fortunately, though the horseman gained rapidly upon them, the flatness of the country enabled them to keep him in sight. By-and-bye, he stopped at a lonely house, where he dismounted.

Following at their utmost speed, Andrew and his companions found the house to be a wayside tavern. Approaching very carefully, Andrew peeped in at a back window, from which shone a feeble light.

There, seated at a table, drinking and making merry, he at once recognized the two men who had visited him that evening. Near them sat his master, his arms tied behind his back, and his feet bound together.

Andrew's first impulse was to rush in upon the rascals there and then, but caution would, he knew, serve his purpose better. 'They're sotted wi' drink,' he whispered, 'an' gin I can lay my hands on them, I'll be even wi' the twa o' them. But we maun settle yon birkie first,' pointing to the man they had followed, who was busying himself about his horse's harness.

Watching his opportunity, when the horseman was stooping with his back to them, Andrew sprang upon him, and struck him a blow with the haft of his sword that felled him. Then, arranging their plan of attack, the rescuers rushed upon the two men in the room. Taken completely by surprise, the ruffians had not time to draw their swords before they were overpowered, disarmed, and pinioned. The cords with which they had bound their prisoner did service in their own case, and in a few minutes they lay helpless on the floor.

Summoned by the noise of the conflict, the landlord appeared, professing to know nothing about the matter. But he failed to impose on the shrewd Scot, who did not lose any time in getting his master on horseback and back to the town, where, when somewhat recovered, Osborne told the story of his capture.

On arriving at the 'Peacock,' he found only one of the men, who told him that the other man, who had the letter, was at a barber's close by having his beard trimmed, to which place they had better follow him. Seeing nothing suspicious in this Osborne did so, but, while reading the letter, he received a violent blow on the head, his sword was snatched from him, and his arms bound fast behind his back. He remembered nothing further until he found himself a prisoner in the tavern where Andrew had come to his rescue.

Undoubtedly the plot had been to deliver him over to his enemies at home, and but for Andrew's shrewdness it would have been successful. To his faithful servant, he owed, under God, his liberty, and probably his life. The friendship between master and man thus became cemented by the strongest ties, and Osborne vowed to show his gratitude to his Divine Preserver by dedicating more completely to his service the life he had mercifully prolonged.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The House Beautiful.

(The Rev. E. M. Noyes, in the 'Congregationalist.')

A SERMON TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

'Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.' —I. Cor. vi., 19.

Once upon a time there was a boy who had a rich and kind friend, who built for him a beautiful house. It was a very wonderful house, with many curious inventions to make it comfortable. It was heated by little pipes hidden in the walls everywhere, and no matter what the weather was outside it was always the same temperature within the house. And this was self-regulating, so that the owner had no thought about it at all. Summer and winter the warmth was always just the same. Then there was a telephone reaching to every room, so that the owner could sit in his library and reach all parts of the house instantly. One of the strangest things about it was that this house repaired itself. If a shingle or one of the clapboards came off, or any other part was weakened, a new part came at once to take its place, and so cunningly did it fasten itself on that you could not see where the place had been mended.

All the house was wonderful, but there was one room that was most marvellous of all. This was at the top of the house, under the dome, a large room, with stained glass windows and walls covered with most beautiful paintings. And these paintings were constantly changing, so that you could sit there hour after hour and see these glorious pictures come and go one after another. And if you wished to see one of them again all you had to do was to let your thought be known and there it was again before you.

When all was ready, the boy moved in, and for a time was very proud and happy. But by and by he grew careless about the care of his house, and sometimes he invited in friends who were even more reckless. And one night, as they were feasting and carousing, they went up into the great room under the dome, and in their tipsy revels some of the paintings were torn, and the windows were broken, and the walls were streaked with stains of dirt from their soiled fingers, so that the great room was left in sad disorder and confusion. How do you think the man who built the house for the boy felt, when he saw it abused in that fashion?

I am sure that you have read my little parable before this. The house is the body, which our wise and kind Heavenly Father has given you. The heating apparatus is the blood, carried in the little pipes of the veins and arteries all over the body. No matter how hot or cold it is outside, the blood is always the same temperature, and you never think about regulating it. And you could not, if you tried. The nerves are the telephone system, carrying the messages from all parts of the body to the brain and the spinal cord and back again. And this body is always repairing itself, growing new skin to take the place of that you lost when you fell down yesterday, and even making new bone when a leg or arm is broken, fastening the parts together as strong as before.

And the room under the dome, that is the brain, with its windows of thought and the beautiful pictures of imagination coming and going. Memory is the power that brings up again the lovely pictures that have delighted us. And when you grow careless and welcome sinful thoughts, then every vile and evil imagination leaves a stain behind it. What a shame that the room that God made so beautiful should have great black stains on its walls, and its windows broken and dirty, and be full of disorder and confusion!

How do you think God feels when he sees this house beautiful abused? Every impure thought, every selfish choice, every hateful word and angry feeling leaves its mark upon the walls. And we should be in pretty bad case if God left us alone with this house beautiful, should we not? But the blessed thing is that he doesn't. He comes to the door of the house, and asks to be let in. We confess with shame and sorrow that we have not taken good care of his house. What does he do then? Go away and leave us in disgust?

Ah! No, indeed!

He offers to cleanse the house and replace the broken windows and to keep out the dangerous friends that get us into trouble by coming in to dwell with us himself. And they are afraid of him, and won't trouble us, if he stays. And he brings with him provisions for a continual feast, and wisdom and joy to make the house beautiful a centre of light and happiness. Then the house becomes filled with song, and all who see it wonder at the light that shines forth from the windows and at the sweet music that they hear as they pass.

Now what are you going to do with your beautiful house? You cannot keep it yourself; you do not wish to entertain guests that will spoil it. Open your heart to him who made you, that he may come in and fill your life with peace and beauty and joy.

When Margaret Visited School.

(Alex. Thorn, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'I love-ve-ve'—and out swung the white gate—'Ellen Eliza' and back came the gate, and gave a sharp click in closing.

'I love,' back and forth went the little maid, chanting over and over the funny name.

'Hitty!' cried Aunt Patty, who was stewing rhubarb in the kitchen at the back of the long house. 'Whatever is Margaret saying? Of all strange children she's the strangest.'

To the gate clung Margaret, her wide-open eyes fixed on a low, red building, far down the street and sadly in need of a coat of paint. Not a very interesting place to the average pupil, but a palace of unknown delights to the little town-bred girl, who, far from her own home, was spending a year with great-Aunt Patty in the stately old house that faced the village green, for her father and mother were abroad. A shy little girl this Margaret, full of dreams and fancies. Used to a low-voiced governess, walks in the park, and occasional excursions with her mother, this life seemed like another world.

At the farmhouse, a mile above the village, lived her one young friend, Ellen Eliza Briggs, who often stopped on her way to school to rest by the gate and tell the small happenings that interest little eight-year-old girls: the barn cat and her kittens; the flowers discovered in the hill pasture, or the new swing in the tallest maple tree.

Margaret would draw a long sigh when her playmate turned to go, and watch the blue and white sunbonnet till it disappeared in the school door. A bright tin pail Ellen Eliza carried, and once a slim little finger touched the cover, and a rather ashamed voice asked, 'Will you let me see inside, Ellen Eliza?' And the wondering Ellen cheerfully displayed her lunch —a noble red apple from the far orchard; a prune turn-over, brown and flaky; two large slices of rye bread and butter; a piece of raised cake and a scalloped cake of maple sugar, this last being for the teacher.

'It looks very nice, indeed,' said Margaret, politely, and she fell to wondering if such a lunch wouldn't taste far better than the hearty dinner she would eat with Aunt Patty that day. Oh, what joy if she could go to district school; study little calico-covered books; carry her lunch just like the cheerful group of children that passed the house daily; go out at recess with the other girls and explore the funny little stone playhouses well stocked with broken dishes that lined the wall behind the school house.

Out from the open doors and windows on warm days issued droning voices, and the refrain was wafted to the gate sometimes:—'Five times five is twenty-five; five times six is thirty.'

Once Margaret had a delightful dream. She thought she carried a well-filled tin pail; wore a stiff sunbonnet, pink and ruffled, and walked with Ellen Eliza to school. The bell began to tinkle as they drew near, louder and still louder, till they were at the door. Then she awoke and heard Aunt Patty calling from the foot of the stairs, 'Wake up, child, time for you to get up.' It was too bad, why should she awaken without seeing the inside of the red school house. Aunt Patty energetically plaited her hair in two yellow braids that morning, and did not see the tears that gathered in the big, gray eyes.

The kindly old lady did her best to entertain her small relative. Many an afternoon they drove off behind Billy, the fat pony, and took tea with cheerful old ladies, who brought forth boxes of gay colored shells, and old photograph albums, or told Margaret to run out and play in the prim garden. Great would have been the surprise of Aunt Patty if she could have guessed that what her small relative longed to do more than anything else in the world just then was to attend district school. But the weeks rolled by, till one day her tall, splendid father, and her smiling little mother stepped out of a carriage at the gate, and her visit was over. There were beautiful gifts to see, and much to hear, and as they left for home the next morning Margaret had only time to smile and wave her hand to Ellen Eliza, who stood on the school steps, holding her lunch pail.

One June, four years later, on their way to the mountains, Margaret and her mother spent two days with Aunt Patty. Thirteen-years-old Margaret had grown tall and slim and wore her yellow hair in a turned-up braid tied with a broad black bow at the back. A bright enamelled school pin fastened her trim satin stock.

'Now, Mragaret,' said her mother, the next day, 'Aunt Patty and I must make some calls, and how can you amuse yourself, girlie, while we are gone?' And Margaret with the courage born of added summers answered straightway, 'I think, if she will take me, I'll go to school with Ellen Eliza.'

If she would take her. Who so proud as Ellen Eliza to escort to school this well-gowned city girl that June morning!

Margaret's cheeks grew very pink as they reached the low door. After so many years she was at last going to the district school. But surely the building must be smaller, it could not be the very same one she so well remembered. The room almost shadowy as they came in out of the bright sunshine, and the small paned windows were so few. It was all different to what she had imagined.

The little desks were hacked and worn and in one corner there stood, with its tin dipper, a large water pail. Her mind reverted to her sunny, airy school-room at home, with its growing plants and prettily framed pictures. Again she heard: 'Five times five are twenty-

five, and five times six are thirty.' The recitation went on till the recess bell sounded.

'And you won't come back?' said Ellen Eliza in a disappointed tone, as she looked up at her friend with worshipping eyes.

Margaret was a little sober, but she pressed Ellen Eliza's arm, and said in her pretty, well-bred way, 'No, thank you, I've been very glad to see it all, and it was very kind of you to take me, but I haven't seen Aunt Patty's dear old garden yet, and think I'll do it now.'

It is ever hard for us, children, and older ones alike, to lose one of our cherished illusions. 'I wish,' said Margaret, as she lingered by the mignonette bed, and the girlish face wore almost a grown-up look, 'I almost wish that I'd never visited the school, my dream was so lovely.'

Snapshots at Failures.

(Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Wellspring.')

WORSE THAN SHARP COMPETITION.

Several years since, two young men of limited means opened a boot and shoe store in one of the suburbs of Boston. Both had been clerks in a similar store prior to that time, and thoroughly understood the business.

There were those among their competitors who smiled when they beheld the modest display of footwear in the windows of the new store, smiled and predicted failure, affirming that competition was too sharp for a new store to succeed.

True, the stock of goods was limited, but the young men were courteous and obliging, and their prices were reasonable, and it was not long before success began to smile upon them. For several months their custom constantly increased, and it became advisable to enlarge the store. Meeting their bills very promptly in the past, they found little difficulty in securing a larger and better line of goods. Those who had predicted failure now thought they saw in the new store a formidable rival.

The two young men had made many friends in a business and social way during those few months, and it frequently happened that several of them dropped in at the same time for a friendly chat. The proprietors of the store saw no harm in their coming; in fact, they encouraged the practice.

There were those, however, who were not pleased by this growing tendency to make the store a lounging place—ladies, business men who were in a hurry, and aged men who were more or less nervous lest the younger generation laugh at their homespun ways. Presently they began to show their disapproval in a decidedly practical manner—one by one they began to stop trading at the store. One morning, the predictions made early in the career of the new store came true—the new store had failed.

To-day these young men are clerks in a shoe store in Boston. It is a mystery to them what caused their trade to drop off after they had successfully conducted their business all through what is generally considered the most trying period, but to many of their patrons it is no mystery. Too many idlers, not competition, ruined them.

It is of prime importance, would a young man be successful in business, that the place of business become not the resort of idlers and loungers. It is not necessary for one to be rude in bringing this about; usually a word will suffice, frequently less. But though it mean the loss of a patron's friendship, lose that friendship, or you will lose your business. No man whose friendship is worth having will take offense because you are firm in this matter; in fact, the better class of men will think more of you for pursuing such a course.

A Scotch Collie's Sacrifice.

Let me now give you an instance of wonderful heroism, rising to meet the demands of a sudden crisis.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central station was full.

The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum came from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie, belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good natured, friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling.

While all this was going on a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn onto the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her little child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and then jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd.

Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog with head erect and fixed eye saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted toward the child. The baby frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again the baby was toddling across the platform crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog lay on the track.

'Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago, and the West, Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond, and the South,' so the cry went on and the surging crowd passed out never all to meet again in this world. But the faces of the men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some.—'Humane Leaflets.'

The Surgeon and the Dying Man.

Stories of the late Sir William MacCormac still continue to be published. One specially illustrating the great tenderness which the famous surgeon often unconsciously displayed is as follows: He had been working for many hours among the wounded, and at last, almost exhausted, asked an attendant to bring him a glass of fresh water. Fresh water was a rarity just then, but the attendant, after some trouble, procured a small quantity in an old cup. Just as he handed it to Dr. MacCormac, the latter was attracted by the groans of a 'franctireur' who lay near by, horribly wounded by a piece of shell. Suddenly he walked over and put the cup to the wounded soldier's lips. 'He cannot live an hour,' protested an assistant surgeon; 'it was foolish to do that.' 'It is never foolish to help a dying man,' responded Sir William.—'Christian Herald.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Girl Who Failed.

(Sarah V. DuBois, in the 'Christian Herald.')

'You do not mean to tell me that Lena has failed?'

'Well, not exactly failed, Ida, but she missed the goal.'

'I am surprised,' was the answer. 'There was no one in the class better qualified to take the prize. What could Lena have been about to have allowed it?'

Lena, the subject of this conversation, was in her room, busily packing her trunks to return home. Many of the girls had already left the institution; tearful good-byes had been said, and vows of eternal friendship exchanged. It had been a year of pleasant memories and hard work, and now the uncertainty was all over, there was not even the commencement day left to look forward to. There was a happy smile on Lena's face, although she paused now and then to brush the tears from her eyes. 'I do not see where I am ever going to put them all,' she said.

'What, dear,' her room-mate asked quizzingly, 'your dresses?'

A merry laugh greeted the words. 'Well, hardly,' she said. 'It's these keepsakes, I mean; I'm cramming them into every conceivable corner, but still the problem baffles me.'

'That's the penalty you pay for being popular. Really, I thought I should give the college yell this morning, when cook gave you that necktie. I just got a glimpse of it, it looked as if the colors of the rainbow had been struck off.'

'Oh, Dora, hush! That gift must have meant a good deal to cook, and I appreciate the thought.'

'Well, don't forget your diploma, anyway, here it is. Lena, what a queer girl you are! Excuse me for repeating myself, I think I have said the same thing fifty times before.'

'I think you have, dear; but why do you say it?'

'Why do I say it? Oh, because in this intellectual race you were the swiftest runner of them all; but stopped to wipe away tears, to bind up wounds, and to spend your hours in loving, Christ-like service. Don't say a word,' she remonstrated, as Lena lifted a warning hand, 'I mean to finish what I have to say, if only to relieve my own mind. Right in the midst of preparing for that advanced geometry examination, didn't you stop and spend several hours with Lillian Adams, who was not half as ill as she thought she was?'

'But she was really suffering, and I helped to give her relief.'

'No doubt of it. I was suffering that same evening, too, I remember, with a troublesome tooth; but no one came to my relief.'

'All are not like you, dear. You do not demand the sympathy of every one.'

'Fortunately all are not like me, but you are mistaken about my demands on sympathy. I like it just as well as the next one, but trust I have been too well brought up to make exorbitant drains on my friends. And what is the result of your labors? I just ran across Ida and Belle in the hall, talking about you as the girl who had failed.'

'You have not delved down into the baser side of my nature,' she said, smiling. 'One of my weaknesses is an overmastering desire to excel in whatever I undertake. When I first came here there was a prayer foremost in my mind, and it was something like this: "Save me from myself." I used to breathe it very often, as I found before I had been here very long, that there was more need of it than ever I had anticipated. The first shock came when I found my reluctance to give up any chosen task for the sake of others. I fought many a

battle, dear, and often my soul's life was dwarfed and threatened thereby. Yes, I failed in ranking with the leaders,' she continued, with a quiet smile, 'and am very sorry to disappoint my friends; but I am not unhappy.'

'Unhappy! Well, I should say not. You have done more toward uplifting the moral element of the class than any ten students in it. While the rest of us have been selfishly striving for the goal, each in her own way, you have been living the religion of Christ.'

'Hush. I have only striven to sacrifice selfish desires.'

'And God has blessed you for it,' was the heartily spoken answer.

'How did Lena rank in her class?' asked an inquiring friend, of her mother.

'Lena has not told me, but I always have the happy assurance that she will do nothing short of her best wherever she is placed.'

The brave girl, happy in her consciousness of having loving approval, sighed under her breath and said: 'I believe I was ranked as "the girl who failed."'

But, was it failure?

Oh, watching angels' faces paled,
And music swelled to her who failed.

The Girl that Everybody Likes

You have undoubtedly met disagreeable girls who, without doing anything especially spiteful or mean, have impressed you as girls to avoid. But have you ever met the girl that you as well as everybody else likes? You are unfortunate if you have not met her.

She is the girl who is not 'too bright and good' to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive, and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who never causes pain with a thoughtless tongue.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by the by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?—Ex.

'It Depends.'

'We must depend on other elements than wit and talent for the pleasantness of social life and our relation to other men. First there is kindness—that is a language that is understood by everybody.'—Prof. Jowett.

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A Blurred Vision.

(Blanche N. Waller, in 'N. E. Homestead.')

One sultry day in the latter part of August, a girl was walking up the village hill with a pail of fresh blackberries in either hand. A shapely head was partly concealed in a faded sunbonnet which seemed to droop from the scorching sun as much as the flowers by the roadside. She was lost in thought, which finally developed in the following manner. 'Dear me! I just wish I could go to the picnic. I have thought about it such a long time. It would be fine if I had a new white dress and a real hat, trimmed with flowers!'

Mildred Jason could easily count the good times which had come into her life, for with five small brothers and sisters to provide for, there was not much money left for pleasures. There was to be a Sunday-school picnic at Birch grove across the river, with fireworks at night, so it was no wonder that the picnic was in her thoughts by day, and dreams by night. But how was she to go so shabbily dressed among other beautiful costumes? 'I'm afraid I'll have to give it up,' sighed poor Milly.

The next morning, while Mildred was washing dishes, Elmer, a small brother, rushed in with a letter held aloft in his hand. 'Here's something for you, Milly. Open it quick!'

'What can it be!' she exclaimed, quivering with excitement, for letters were rare in the household.

When it was opened, a crisp ten-dollar bill fluttered to her feet. 'It's from Uncle John! I'm going to the picnic! Isn't it perfectly grand!' Suddenly, in the midst of her gladness, Mildred heard a tiny sigh, and looked up in surprise to see who could be unhappy at her good fortune.

'I wish I could go, too,' little Viola was wistfully saying.

Mildred looked around at the children, and the sunshine left her face. Viola's shoes were entirely worn out, Elmer's jacket was almost threadbare, while the clothes of the rest of the children were in different degrees of shabbiness. 'It's no use, I can't go,' and the disheartened girl turned away.

No one knew at what cost Mildred gave up the bright vision of the picnic, but she was her own cheery self before the children. The ten dollars went to buy clothing for the children, and not a cent would Mildred spend for herself. The children went in high spirits to the picnic, while Mildred took care of a neighbor's baby, so that the mother might go and enjoy herself. There have been heroes and heroines who have won public fame on the battlefield or in daring deeds, but greater than these is the unknown heroine who willingly sacrifices her pleasures for the sake of others.

The other week I greatly enjoyed reading a new book, and I would like to recommend it to my young friends, especially to the boys and young men.

The book, which is published by Methuen & Co., London, is by George Horace Lorimer, and has this for its title—'Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son.'

If I were asked to describe it, I would say its style is piquant, and that it contains not one dull page. The characters and incidents are American, but there's a lot of human nature about them for all that. The chapters abound with wise sayings and axioms, which young men especially would do well to have brought under their notice.

The following are a few typical sentences taken at random:—

I. 'I'm anxious that you should be a good scholar, but I'm more anxious that you should be a good, clean man.'

II. 'It isn't so much knowing a whole lot as knowing a little, and how to use it, that counts.'

III. 'The boy who does anything just because the other fellows do it, is apt to scratch a poor man's back all his life.'

IV. 'A business man's conversation should be regulated by fewer and simpler rules than any other function of the human animal. They are:—

'Have something to say.
'Say it.
'Stop talking.'

V. 'Remember that when you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper; and that when you're in the wrong you can't afford to lose it.'

VI. 'It isn't what a man knows, but what he thinks he knows, that he brags about. Big talk means little knowledge.'

VII. 'A dirty shirt may hide a pure heart, but it seldom covers a clean skin.'

VIII. 'Enthusiasm is the best shortening for any job; it makes heavy work light.'

IX. 'There's no alarm clock for the sleepy man like an early rising manager; and there's nothing breeds work in an office like a busy boss.'

X. 'A man's as good as he makes himself; but no man's any good because his grandfather was.'

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of April 9, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Democratic Opportunity—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Merger Distribution—The 'Independent,' New York.
Arbitration with Great Britain—By the Hon. James Bryce, M.P., in the New York 'Observer.'
Mr. Balfour's 'Loneliness'—By Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in 'M. A. P.', London.
Lord Roberts on New Strategical Conditions—The London 'Times.'
Are Representative Institutions Fatal to Efficiency in War?—The 'Sun,' New York.
Life in a Submarine—Its Discomforts—By the Naval Correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Investor in War Time—A General Survey, by a Veteran French Economist—The 'Economiste Francaise.'
China's Deep Interest in the War's Outcome—By Sir R. K. Douglas, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Trans Siberian Railway—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Prince Kropotkin on the War—The 'Speaker,' London.
The Duke of Cambridge—The 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Attraction of Pewter—The 'Speaker,' London.
Edward Elgar—An Appreciation—By E. A. Baughan, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Elgar Festival—The 'Standard,' London.
The Oratorio of To-day—How Near is it to the Stage and Action?—W. J. Henderson, in the New York 'Sun.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Flower and the Leaf—Song, by Ernest Rhys, in the April 'Harper's.'
The Vow—Poem—The 'Tribune,' New York.
A New Browning Poem—A Miniature—The 'Critic,' New York.
'Salute No Man by the Way'—The 'British Weekly,' London.
A Canadian Poet—C. D. G. Roberts—The 'Times,' London.
Eastern Ideals—A New Book by a Japanese Author—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Magnetic North—W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Authors at Their Work—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Publishing and Piracy—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Verb, and its Relation to Thought and Style—The 'Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

Expenses at Oxford—By an Oxford Man, in the 'Christian World,' London.
The Paisley Shawl—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Why there is a Wishbone—The Boston 'Transcript.'
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LITTLE FOLKS

A Brave Little Tennesseean.

(Mary A. Page, in 'Congregationalist.')

'What is it?' said John.

'Can it be a schoolhouse in this uninhabited region?' I answered with another question.

The doors were wide open, hats and sunbonnets hung on pegs, dinner-pails and baskets hung under them and, listening, one detected the murmur of recitations.

'Where can all these children come from?' I asked.

'Oh, the woods are full of them,' responded John; adding, 'Let us go in'—for where children gather, there goes John.

We drove around the building, tied the pony and knocked at the schoolhouse door, to be welcomed with a smile on the part of the teacher and a curious stare on the part of the pupils.

The inside of the schoolroom was a chapter of half a century ago just brought into the twentieth century. Desks and benches were carved by the jackknives of schoolboys of many generations. A few pictures cut from newspapers decorated the walls; a few flowers languished in tin cans on the window sill; and at a blackboard at the end of the room two lads were 'doing examples.' Not a map or chart assisted the study of geography or history.

'Are the children clever?' I asked.

'Oh, they have quite the ordinary capacity for learning,' was the reply; 'but when they have only three months of schooling during the year, with nine months to forget, I find myself going year after year over the same ground with them.'

At that moment, from the window I noted a novel conveyance approaching. It was a child's cart in which sat, apparently, a very little boy, drawn by a calf. An older and larger boy was guiding the progress of this unusual steed. A few minutes later he came into the schoolroom, bringing in his arms the younger child, whom he deposited in a chair.

'Oh,' I said, inadvertently and sympathetically; for the smaller lad was a cripple since three years of age and now fourteen, with no use of legs or the right arm or his hand, and only a partial use of the left hand.

'How often do you come?' I asked him.

'Oh, every day,' he answered from a bright, intelligent face.

'And how far away do you live?'

'Only a mile.'

'You and that little calf must be very fond of each other,' I continued.

'Oh, yes, we're pretty good friends. He always knows when he is being yoked that he is going to school.'

'The boys are all kind to you?' I inquired.

'Oh, yes, everybody is good to me,' he said, simply.

And then, because I wanted to know his attitude toward life that seemed to have so cruelly limited him I said, gently, 'Don't you sometimes wish you could get out and have a frolic with the other boys?'

And this was his patient and noble answer: 'No; I become used to sitting in my chair. And then I have my books.'

At the mention of books his face was illumined, and I found that he had read books of travel, history, descriptions of new inventions; in fact, he seemed the most up-to-date person under that antiquated roof. I could not forbear telling him of men who had become eminent, like Fawcett of London, Ebers the novelist, whose physical conditions were somewhat similar to his own by limitation of physical infirmity. And although I saw his face light with hope at these words of cheer, I knew he already had the secret of contentment and success.

Passing out the door, the little waggon looked like a little chariot to me, with its humble bundle of stalks for Bossie's dinner. Near at hand, fastened to a tree, stood Bossie himself, thoughtfully considering some of his own problems, very likely the nearness to dinner-time.

A Late Spring.

A-lack-a-day, good neighbor,
The winter stretches long!
How can you have the courage
To raise so sweet a song?
My voice is fairly ruined
By this cold that's in my head,
And food's so scarce—why, really,
I can't find a crumb of bread.

Oh! come now, brother sparrow,
What's the use of feeling blue,
When winter's sturdy backbone
Is almost broke in two?
Our coldest snap is over—
The spring will soon be here,
With gentle showers, and dainty flowers,
With plenty and good cheer!

—Jessie B. McClure.

The Pitcher and the Ice.

It was really a most beautiful pitcher. Its sides had such graceful curves, its handle was so round and smooth; and more than all, it was so clear that the sun could shine right through it.

'And I am very strong, too,' said the pitcher to itself. 'I can hold more than a quart of water, and not one drop can get away. I hold them all so fast.'

And the water that was in the pitcher laughed, and said: 'And I am beautiful also. See, am I not

clear? and are not my sides curved like yours? And I am even stronger than you!'

That night some one forgot, and every bit of fire in the room went out. The pitcher with the water in it sat quietly on the sideboard waiting for morning.

In the night Jack Frost peeped into the room.

'Come over here!' called the water.

Jack Frost went, and what a busy time began for the water! Some of the drops at the top began to form themselves into crystals, and then spread their little arms out on every side. As Jack Frost came closer more crystals began to form just below the first ones, and with arms outstretched they crowded each other against the sides of the pitcher.

Jack Frost pressed closer and closer, the room grew colder and colder, and the colder it grew the faster grew the crystals in the pretty pitcher.

'More room, Mr. Pitcher,' they cried; 'more room.' And still they grew.

At last, 'Cr-r-ack! snap!' Oh, what had happened?

'Ha-ha!' echoed the crystals,'now we have room.' And the little water that was crowded at the bottom of the pitcher ran out over the sideboard, spreading its arms to its heart's content. Then all was still as ice. Next morning, when the sun looked in at the window, all the little ice stars smiled up in his face. But the beautiful pitcher had a great crack in its side. Jack Frost had finished his work.—'Child Garden.'

A Good Thing to Write.

'What shall I write on my slate?' said Harry to himself. He could not write very well, but he sat and wrote, 'A Good Boy.' Then he took it and showed it to his mother.

'That is a good thing to write,' she said. 'I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate.'

'How can I write it on my life, mother?' said Harry.

'By being a good boy every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own sweet story. It looks bright and happy.'—'Olive Plants.'

Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

The angel called to Chrissie, as the Indian child rose to her feet, and an old woman, dressed very much like the little widow, came to the door and angrily called to her to come in.

'Who is she?' Chrissie asked half frightened.

'She is the grandmother, and is only unkind to the little girl, because she knows no better. They do not know that God can make them happy until some one comes to teach them; and that is why people who love Him are willing to give up their homes and friends, and go to them for His sake. Yes,' the angel went on, 'and little children too I have known who have denied themselves pleasures, and saved their pennies in order to help in sending the message of joy to the heathen.' The angel was not looking at Chrissie, he seemed to be thinking only, but she felt what he thought, and hung her head when she remembered how little she had denied herself for the sake of others.

Yes; she too had a missionary-box at home, but she hadn't really cared about filling it, to help to make the heathen happy.

'What can I do?' she said, looking up to the angel, 'I am only a little girl, and I have so few pennies.'

The angel smiled down upon her, and again her heart was comforted. 'Listen!' he said gently, 'though you are only a little girl, you can do a great deal. You cannot come here yourself, nor yet go to the poor and miserable in your own land. You are not old or experienced enough. But go home and live for Christ's sake, go home and pray, and do what you can to help others for Christ's sake, and the rest will come.'

The smile of the angel sank still deeper into Christobel's heart, and her eyes shone with the light that came from his, and she felt her heart grow large with a new joy.

When she looked around her, she found that they were back again in the glorious garden where she had first seen the angel.

'Are you happy, little Christobel?'

'Oh, so happy!' she replied.

'And now you must go back to earth.'

And then the little girl felt herself taken up by the angel, and as he wafted her away, the garden faded from her sight, and she saw not even the angel's face again; but she felt a great strength around her, and she was not afraid.

* * * *

When Christobel opened her eyes again, it was a bright sunny morning, and she was lying in her little white bed. She lay very still, thinking, for a minute or two, and then she got up.

The world was going to be a different world to-day. There seemed so much to do, and Chrissie was going to try to help other people by doing her best all day long.

When the evening came, Chrissie came to the conclusion that after all it could not only have been a dream. It had made her understand how to live, and she often thought of the beautiful guardian angel who had taught her to love God so much better.

Chrissie did not talk much about the angel, and all he had shown her; for people laughed at her and said she had only been dreaming about the fairy-stories that Uncle Chris had filled her head with: but they noticed that she was different, and that she was growing brighter and happier.

Her lessons went better, for though she was not clever, her governess saw how hard she tried to do her best.

And at last when Uncle Chris came back again, Chrissie felt rewarded; for one day he put his arm round her and said: 'What has happened to the little girl of whom I used to hear so many complaints? This bright little face is not the same that I used to know sometimes: I don't think Uncle Chris will be blamed for his fairy-stories now!'

'Oh!' Chrissie cried, clapping her hands, 'but they all made up into the best thing of all, when I saw the angel, and he told me why I did not get on well!'

(To be concluded.)

LESSON V.—MAY 1.

Prayer and Promise.

Luke xi., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.—Luke xi., 9.

Home Readings

Monday, April 25.—Luke xi., 1-13.
Tuesday, April 26.—Matt. vi., 5-15.
Wednesday, April 27.—Luke xvii., 1-14.
Thursday, April 28.—Jas. iv., 1-17.
Friday, April 29.—Rom. viii., 26-39.
Saturday, April 30.—Is. lxv., 15-25.
Sunday, May 1.—John xvi., 22-33.

1. And it came to pass, that, as he was praying in a certain place, . . . when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, . . . as John also taught his disciples.

2. And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

3. Give us day by day our daily bread.

4. And forgive us our sins; for we . . . also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

5. And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves;

6. For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me . . . , and I have nothing to set before him?

7. And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

8. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

9. And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

10. For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

11. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, . . . will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

12. Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

13. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

We find Christ still in Perea, though just where he was when he spoke the words in today's lesson we do not know. The present lesson will recall that of the 'Sermon on the Mount.' The prayers taught on that occasion and on this are commonly known as the Lord's Prayer. Some slight differences in the wording of the prayer itself and the teaching that follows appear to indicate that it belongs to a different time and place.

The prayer, as Matthew records it, was given in the course of the Sermon on the Mount, while Luke's account states that it was taught in response to a question by a disciple, as Christ ceased praying in a certain place. The accounts are not contradictory; they record the prayer and accompanying teaching as Christ doubtless gave them on two or more occasions. Certainly the great underlying principles remain true in all cases, and the importance of the theme would be apt to call for repeated notice and emphasis.

The lesson belongs to the closing period of his ministry, the exact time being estimated at about four months previous to the crucifixion. Read also Matthew vi., 9-13, and vii., 7-11.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 1. 'As he was praying in a certain place.' The important point in this verse is not the much quoted petition, 'Lord, teach us to pray,' but rather the fact brought out again here, as in other places, that Jesus was accustomed to pray. It seems to us strange that this divine Christ, a person of the Godhead, should have need of this source of help and strength. But as a man, Christ suffered much, he needed rest, he could hunger and thirst, and he had enemies and sorrows. In such experiences he sought help and strength from his Heavenly Father, and teaches us to follow his example.

'As John also taught his disciples.' We have no record of the prayer or prayers taught by John. It is supposed that John's purpose was to help his followers to avoid the 'vain repetitions' of the Pharisees.

2-4. 'Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name,' etc. Read the prayer in Matthew vi.

'Our Father.' How simple in comparison with the terms used in addressing earthly potentates! To the wicked God is a 'consuming fire,' to contending armies, 'the Lord mighty in battle,' to the world approaching its day of reckoning, he is 'the righteous Judge,' but the humble disciple, alone and in secret, is privileged to open his heart to his Father.

'Hallowed be thy name.' God's holiness and glory are not to be overlooked. The great end of man is the glory of God. 'That we should be to the praise of his glory.' Ephes. i., 12. Remember to utter praise and thanksgiving is a great help in saving us from utterly selfish petitions, unworthy of answer.

'Thy kingdom come.' Still the claims of God are put first in this model prayer. How many of you have ever stopped to think of the revolutionary meaning of these three words? In all our petitions for the welfare of our nation and rulers, we are still reminded that these shall at last give place to the kingdom which 'the God of heaven shall set up.' Daniel ii., 44. For the coming of his kingdom we are to constantly pray.

'Give us day by day our daily bread.' Now the prayer comes to the needs of men. Note that these are to be given 'day by day.' No reason here to pray for great wealth. The daily supply for the daily need is Christ's rule.

'And forgive us our debt.' The prayer for divine pardon is for 'debts' which we cannot pay, but which Christ paid for us. We simply claim for ourselves, in this prayer, the pardon thus provided.

'For we also forgive,' etc. Here is another side of the prayer for pardon that must be remembered. We must forgive if we would be forgiven.

'Lead us not into temptation.' Preserve us from temptations that would cause us to sin. Deliverance from evil is the proper desire and longing of every true heart, for we are in a world full of wickedness and suffering that the child of God longs to escape. Under his care we may be in the world but not of it, for he is able to deliver us from its evil.

This prayer is not understood to be the only petition to be made to the Heavenly Father, but it is the outline of the subjects that are to be sought in prayer.

5-12. 'And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you.' From giving a model prayer, Christ turns to encourage prayer, and persistence in prayer. He illustrates by citing the case of the man who at night seeks from a neighbor bread for the unexpected guest, and obtains it by his importunity. As Trench has said, if a selfish man can be won by importunity to give, more certainly will the Lord bestow his bounty on those who earnestly wait on him. The illustration presents a contrast rather than a comparison between man's yielding to petition and God's answering his children's prayers.

'For every one that asketh receiveth.' This is true, although we may call to mind a long list of our own 'unanswered' petitions. God answers, but in his own way, and for our best interests as he sees them, not as we see them. See James iv., 2-10.

13. 'How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?' Here is the climax to the contrast above referred to. Matthew says, 'give good things,' in recording Christ's Sermon on the Mount, but Luke, recounting what was said in reply to a disciple's question, says the Father shall 'give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him,' thus carrying us on to the greatest gift.

The class would do well to make a list of some of the answered prayers given in the Bible. Someone has made a book of them, and it is an inspiring account of God's loving answers to those who earnestly call upon him out of a pure heart.

The lesson for May 8 is, 'Watchfulness,' Luke xii., 35-48.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 1.—Topic—Answered prayers. Acts iv., 23-31.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PRAYER.

Monday, April 25.—How Moses prayed. Ex. xxxii., 31.

Tuesday, April 26.—How Solomon prayed. I. Kings viii., 22-30.

Wednesday, April 27.—How David prayed. Ps. li., 1-10.

Thursday, April 28.—How Daniel prayed. Dan. vi., 10, 11.

Friday, April 29.—How Jesus prayed. Mark i., 35.

Saturday, April 30.—Abram's angel visitors. Gen. xviii., 1-15.

Sunday, May 1.—Topic—How Abraham prayed. Gen. xviii., 16-33; Eph. vi., 18.

Sunday School Cards.

One of the most effective ways, apart from contributions of money, in which a Sunday-school can assist missionary teachers, is by sending them colored Sunday-school or Bible cards. Such are often left over in the primary or intermediate classes after the distribution to the scholars. These might be done up each week or two in small packages, very securely wrapped and tied, and forwarded by mail at a cost of a cent for every two ounces; and if registered they would be sure to reach their destination safely. The teachers of at least three thousand children in the Central Turkey Mission are begging for these pictures, and they are called for in other directions. Remember, it is Bible or Sunday-school picture cards that are wanted.—'Dayspring.'

Make it Progressive.

The actual beginning of all Sunday-school work is with the primary class. The systematic work of keeping the young people in the Sunday-school should begin in this department. Almost every normal child of four or five years is anxious to enter the Sunday-school, and to most of them, once they have joined, it is a real deprivation to be hindered from attending its sessions.

The primary class teacher should have a number of assistants, one of whom should accompany each group of scholars as they are promoted to the main school, and serve such group as teacher. Every class thus transferred to the main department should, if possible, permanently remain in the care of the same teacher, who should regard as her life work in the school the care and Christian nurture of her scholars. She should thoroughly know each member, frequently visiting them in their homes, and, so far as may be, blend her life with theirs. Her love for and devotion to each of them should be so sincere and so unchangeable that the severance of a scholar from the school, unless by death, removal to a distant place, or some other providence, would be impossible. Only real sickness, death, or absence from the city should hinder the teacher's attendance upon the schools' sessions. She should habitually and intelligently shape the character of her class-work and of all her intercourse with them toward their conversion, which should be the one overshadowing aim of all her work and the constant burden of her prayers.—'Ram's Horn.'

Two Crushers.

(Mrs. Jennie Webber Lewis, in Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

After living for fifteen years near the quiet town of D——, we were suddenly called upon to move. Business interests made the change desirable, but leaving home and friends seemed almost like a sacrifice; and a feeling of sympathy for ministers and their wives grew within our hearts.

We arrived at our destination on one of those November days described by Longfellow, when 'The winds are never weary,' and the sun seemed to squint at us right through a mist of snowflakes. The only house or rooms we could secure were located midway between the crushers, which are the subject of this sketch.

From my back window I look out upon a rugged piece of land, where the earth seems to gape, and from its depths are quarried quantities of stone. The best are corded up for building purposes. The most, however, are loaded into cars, and drawn by cables up the incline track to the stone-crushers above, where the solid rock God has hidden in the depths of the earth is crushed into stone-dust.

While watching a score of men removing the layer of earth that covers the stone I listen for the warning whistle when the power of dynamite is manifested and the stone is shaken from its bed; and then, hearing the heaving of the engines and the grinding of the crushers, I look in wonder on the work of God and man.

* * * * * * *

From my front window I am compelled to look upon another crusher, a soul-crusher. Across the way are two buildings whose doors swing on their hinges almost as often as the cars from the stone-crushers slide up and down their track. Over the door of one I see a sign which seems to say, 'Come. When you have been bitten by the serpent, go, we care not where.' And over the door of the other I interpret the sign, 'Crusher for bodies and souls.' In front of these signs stands a noble tree, whose branches sigh and moan in the night wind like a dirge for the souls of victims. Though the branches of the old tree sigh in the wind and the rain drops in tears of pity from its leaves, across the trunk of this noble tree I read the words 'Wine and Beer.'

I think of another noble tree whose roots were grown in a strife for liberty, whose branches have sheltered the homeless of other lands, whose 'leaves are for the healing of a nation,' and whose tears fall over the graves of the drunkards, but across its trunk I read the words, 'License Rum,' and like the other tree its sign disgraces its sympathy.

Employed about the stone-crusher are scores of men, many of foreign birth, and whose loved ones are perchance still in the homeland across the sea. They are toiling day after day, or night after night in the intense cold of the winter, and while they toil the soul-crushers are preparing their cables to draw them in. One offers them hot soup at the noon and midnight hour, and music while they wait. The other has instituted a free barber chair and a graphiphone to entertain them.

Are these inducements offered to the cold, hungry toilers because they love them? Ah, remember the stone cannot be crushed till the cable draws it to the crusher. These men are caught by the cable of temptation and carried on to these soul-crushers, where hopes are blasted, health is shaken and the soul is crushed till it is as the dust from the rock of true manhood.

How long must this be?

The Harm Slang Does.

There is still another serious objection to the use of slang. It tends to limit the vocabulary of him who uses it. Now, a limited vocabulary is almost as inconvenient at times as a limited purse, and it is far more inelegant. If there was practically limitless wealth within the reach of him who was minded to take it, it would argue a certain stupidity in any one who declined to avail himself of the supply. The same assertion holds true with regard to him who is willing to limit his choice of words. There is even more to be said than that. There is a limitless wealth of words at our disposal, but the most of us are too stupid to make use of them.

There are about two hundred thousand words in the English language. The average educated person is able in reading to understand perhaps twenty-five thousand words, but the most of us who write and speak limit ourselves to about five hundred or six hundred. Indeed, there is a vast number of fairly intelligent people, or people who pass as fairly intelligent, whose working vocabularies do not comprise more than three or four hundred words each.—Adeline Knapp, in the 'Household.'

Tobacco and Growing.

From D. Gordon Stables, in a little sketch called 'The Boy Who Did, and the Boy Who Didn't,' we have the following helpful information:

'Was I near dead, sir?'

'Pretty nigh. You see, you've got a touch of tobacco-heart.'

'Wotever's that?' said Joe. 'You don't mean for to say as 'ow cigarettes can 'urt a young chap?'

'But I do mean that, my boy. And I'm not likely to tell you a lie, or anybody else. There's a graveyard not a hundred miles from here that needn't have been dug had the boys that fill it kept away from cigarettes. No, the smoking didn't kill them right away. It just weakened them, and so when they fell ill of ordinary complaints, they had not the strength to get over them. But, lad, they're far better dead. They would have grown up poor, weak sillies, and never real men, happy and strong athletes.'

'Doss tobacco stop your growing, doc?'

'My boy! What a question to ask? Cigarette-smoking makes the heart weak and flabby, and so it is not able to pump sufficient blood to strengthen the bones and flesh and make them grow; and the blood it does supply is watery trash. You, yourself, Joe, are as white as a haddock and as soft in flesh, too. You'll never be a man.'

'But, doc, I'll stop smoking; 'ere's my 'and, doc, I will!' And he did.—Exchange.

Saved by Prayer.

'Good-bye, Harry; remember that mamma will always pray for your safety.'

These were the last words Harry heard as he went out of the gate toward the railway station to take the train for New York. The words kept ringing in his ears as the train passed rapidly out of the village, and new scenes came to his view. At the station in New York City his uncle was waiting for him.

In a few days Harry was at work in the new, grand store of his uncle. There he became acquainted with young men of his own age who seemed friendly, invited him to join in their excursion parties in the evening, and visit them at their homes. Before the first week was ended he had visited three of the boys of the city and taken a trip over to Jersey City, where several other boys took a trip on their bicycles. Harry had brought his wheel with him, and enjoyed the trip over the new country very much.

After they had gone a distance, they all stopped for refreshments, and he soon found himself standing at a bar in a saloon.

'What will you have, Harry?' he heard one of his new friends inquiring.

'I'll take a glass of lemonade, if you please,' answered Harry.

'Pretty good joke, Harry; but you don't get such stuff here; we are all going to have beer; I'll order one for you, too.' And before he could think of an answer, the bartender had placed it before him.

Harry felt a lump in his throat, but with a fixed determination answered:

'No, I do not drink.'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed one of the young men, 'you are not temperance, are you?'

'A glass of beer cannot hurt you; it is healthful,' said another.

'I promised mother,' replied Harry, 'that I would not drink anything that might make a drunkard of me, and if I never begin, I shall never have to stop; no one has ever become a drunkard who refused the first glass; and there are many drunkards who meant to stop after they had tasted beer or liquor "just once"; no, I shall not drink.'

It was a long speech for Harry to make, but he thought of his mother's prayer, and resolved that she should not pray in vain. He expected the boys to ridicule his remarks. When Tom Ankers, the young man who had worked next to him at the store, therefore took him by the hand, and with emotion said: 'Thank you, Harry; my mother used to tell me the same thing; she thinks her boy has never brought the intoxicating cup to his lips; I promise you that from to-night on I shall try to keep it,' it surprised Harry greatly.

But his surprise increased when one of the other young men came forward and said: 'I promised my present employer that I would never again enter a saloon to drink, when he saw me in one the last time, and he told me he could not keep young men in his employ who were addicted to the drink habit. I wanted to keep my promise, but always was afraid to refuse when in the company of the others.'

'Boys,' said Adam Wagner, 'this is the first time I ever took a drink. My father died a drunkard, and I have often heard him say that the first glass was the opening of a life of misery. He often asked me to leave all intoxicating drinks alone; I mean to do so after to-day, and you fellows must help me to keep my promise.'

'We shall, we shall,' replied his friends immediately.

'But tell us, Harry,' said the young man who had spoken after Tom; 'how was it possible for you to refuse? Didn't you expect us all to laugh at your remarks? What gave you such courage in this hour of danger?'

Harry told them the story in his simple, truthful manner, concluding with the words:

'Boys, my mother's prayers saved me.'

'Harry,' said Adam, 'when you write home again tell your mother about the occurrence this evening, and be sure and say that we were saved by her prayer.—New York 'Observer.'

Which Boy?

'Which of your boys, the heaven of your heart and life, will you give in order that your city may be lighted with gas or brilliant with electric light? Which child can you spare to help your city grade and pave its streets? How long will you consent to tread on sidewalks that the blood of souls has enabled your city to lay for your convenience? Which one?'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

APRIL.

1.
The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich. Prov. x., 22.
Pearl McLeod, M. Fraser Ross.

2.
He that walketh with wise men shall be wise. Prov. xiii., 20.

3.
The sweetness of the lips increaseth learning. Prov. xvi., 21.
Eunice M. Welsh, Mary E. Ward, Gordon Henry.

4.
A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit. Prov. xvii., 27.
Clara Eldridge.

5.
A man that hath friends must show himself friendly. Prov. xviii., 24.
Grace Lillian Call.

6.
Even a child is known by his doings. Prov. xx., 11.
Ida Bartlett.

7.
Every purpose is established by counsel. Prov. xxi., 2.
Anna G. Gordon, Fred. Newcomb.

8.
The Lord pondereth the hearts. Prov. xxi., 2.
Laura Brethet.

9.
The thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness. Prov. lxxi., 5.
Hilliard D., John Grey Ramage, Edna L., Earl Brandon Smith.

10.
Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth. Prov. xxiv., 17.
Bessie C. Bentley.

11.
Say not I will do so to him as he hath done to me. Prov. xxiv., 29.
Mary Allen.

12.
If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink. Prov. xxv., 22.
Nora Johnson, Edna James, Ruby A. Smith, Grace Murray, Christina Ramsay.

13.
Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth. Prov. xxvii., 2.
Laura Mellow, George White, Clara S. Cranston.

14.
There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. xviii., 24.
J. L. C., George Miner, Alice Brethet.

15.
He is a shield to them that put their trust in him. Prov. xxx., 5.
Jeannie Ramsay.

16.
Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Eccles. ix., 10.

17.
A good name is better than precious ointment. Ecc. vii., 1.

18.
Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. Ecc. xi., 1.
Lloyd A. Nickerson, Jessie Rutherford, Kate McGregor, Ethel Myrl Condon.

19.
Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. Ecc. xii., 13.
Dorothy R., Lyle P.

20.
This is his commandment that we should believe on his Son Jesus Christ and love one another. I. John iii., 23.

21.
Lovest thou me—feed my sheep. John xxi., 17.

22.
Love one another, as I have loved you. John xv., 12.
Harold Lloyd, Stewart Gertrude Thompson, Maggie Bostwick.

23.
Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls. Matt. xi., 29. Emma Lillian Nolan.

24.
Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. I. Peter v., 7.
Douglas Schell, Marguerite I. Hunt.

25.
Surely his salvation is nigh them that trust him. Ps. lxxxv., 9.
Winnie J. Wallace.

26.
He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the almighty. Ps. xci., 1.
D. A. Stewart.

27.
The just shall live by faith. Rom. i., 17.

28.
Who shall separate us from. the love of Christ. Rom. viii., 35.
James Ramsay, Annie C. Stewart, Ethel B. P., S. May Wood.

29.
Rejoicing in hope. Rom. xii., 12.

30.
The God of all peace be with you. Rom. xv., 33.
Tyler B. Ching.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Hugh M. Ripley, Tina Mc., Sa-Verne Speers, Pearl Edie, M. W. J. B., Fred. L. Hewitt, Olive Mabel Burdette, Sylvia L. Folkins, Hazel Smith, J. E. T., Delmer E. S., Annie Bowman, N. B. C., Matilda Cole, Pamilla Chester, Clarence Crooker, M. Emma L., May Belle H., Lizzie Hill, Margaret McD., Johnnie McDonald, M. Fraser Ross, Christina Ramsay, Alice Ramsay, Mary MacM., Ray Allen, P. J. M., Esther L., Chatterbox, A. M. Ferguson, Amy Hazel Gavey, Minnie D. McF., Mina O. F., Clara S. Cranston, George Miner, Irene McKenzie, Mary Blakesly, Milton Chesney, Laura Brethet, Ethel B. R., M. E. R., E. C. R., Gertrude T.

Crowstand, N.W.T., April 5, 1904.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a letter for the 'Messenger' from one of our Indian girls. For some time now she has been wanting to write, and seemed so pleased when I told her she could write this week.

We get a great many papers, but the 'Messenger' seems to be the favorite.

Last summer we supplied quite a number of the railway camps with papers; even the old men would ask for the 'Messenger.' They seemed so pleased to get papers. Next summer they will be too far away from us. We hope, though, they will be near some one who will supply them with good reading.

Hoping our little Indian girl's letter will be of interest to the children in the East,

I am, yours sincerely,
GRACE M. McLEOD.

John Dougall & Son,
Publishers, Montreal.

Dear Editor,—I was seven years when my parents put me in the Crowstand Boarding School. I am thirteen years old now. The friends in the East send us papers. We like the 'Messenger,' the stories and letters are so interesting.

I have two brothers in the school. Their names are Archibald and Livingstone. We like being in the school very much. We go home sometimes on Sunday, and come back before Sunday-school. We have a farm in connection with the mission. Our stables are quite large, and we have quite a number of cattle. The boys learn to farm and we girls learn all about housework, the half-day we are out of the classroom. There was a new railway built here last summer. It looks nice to see the train passing so quick. We have a prayer meeting once a week in Indian houses. Sometimes the big boys go and sometimes the big girls. We like the prayer meetings. We always have phonograph selections every two weeks, and we get candies. Sometimes we play all together in the children's dining-room. We are all wishing for summer, so we can play outside.

Yours sincerely,
FLORENCE C.

Inkerman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter from a little girl away off in Cumberland Co., N.S., asking me to send her my last name, that she might write to me, as her birthday and mine are near together. She is eight years old on March 22, and I am seven on March 21. My name is Katie Alice Curriston, and I would like to get a letter from Lena B. W. I like the letters in the 'Messenger' very much, and would like Lena to tell me about the mountains, for I have never seen a mountain, as it is a very level country where we live, and there are no large rivers near us either, only a very small creek. The St. Lawrence river is sixteen miles south of us, and the Rideau river is twenty-four miles north-west of us. When Lena B. W. writes I want her to tell me her last name, and perhaps some time we might exchange our photos.

KATIE ALICE C.

Brandon, Man.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and like it very much. I like the Boys' and Girls' Page the best. I live on a farm near Brandon. Brandon is a very nice place. There is a college, hospital, an asylum for the insane, an industrial school for the Indians, four public schools and an experimental farm, which is very pretty. That is the only place I ever saw apples or plums grow. We have no large fruit in Manitoba. Wishing the Editor success, J. M.

Springdale.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have one little sister, and her name is Sabra. She is two years old. For pets I have only a cat named Tim. I go to school and Sunday-school in summer. I have a mile to go to school. It is a very pretty place here in summer. There is a river flowing by our house.

JESSIE G. W.

Sidney, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I saw what you said about poetry, and so I thought that I would tell you my favorite piece. It is named, 'The Barefoot Boy,' and is by John Greenleaf Whittier. I cannot think of any favorite memory gem just now. I like that piece because it tells about animals. I desire to be a hunter in my spare time when I get older. I have read William Long's book, 'Wilderness Ways,' several times. I think it is a fine book. It tells about a frog changing its stomach and lots of other interesting things about animals. He did not hunt them to kill them, but just to find out about them. That is just what I want to do. I have also read 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Through the Looking-Glass,' 'Messengers of the Churches,' 'The Gentle Heritage,' 'Peep of Day,' 'Line upon Line,' 'Buds, Stems, and Roots,' 'The Jolly Chinee,' besides other short stories.

I am a little boy eight years old, and I live on Vancouver Island. The weather is very wet now, but we have only had one snowstorm yet this winter. I go to the school, and am in the second reader. I received a Bible for getting subscribers last summer, and I thank you very much. I like that story about Daph, and I always read it first. DOUGLAS A. W.

HOUSEHOLD.

Chloride of Lime.

It is doubtful if the true sanitary value of chloride of lime is known or appreciated by the majority of housekeepers. There are a few things a practical housekeeper cannot afford to be without—chloride of lime, borax, household ammonia, and a good soap powder for scrubbing. It has been our practice for years when cleaning house to sprinkle all the floors with the chloride of lime in solution (a whisk-broom used) before the carpets are again laid. It sweetens everything—closets, and chests, and the house generally—but must not be allowed to touch fabrics or they will be badly spotted. A large bottle of the solution kept in bedrooms to rinse out the china every morning will keep it nice and sweet-smelling. It is a good plan to utilize empty vases for disinfectant jars. In sick apartments chloride of lime has no equal. Half a pound of the powder to a gallon of soft water is the correct proportion for these and similar uses. For sick rooms place it about in open bowls. We also use it to sweeten butter jars, and fruit cans that have been used for pickles. For those who live in the country there is no better agent for cleansing unpleasant out-buildings or portions of the stable than chloride of lime. Where there are rotting timbers it may be used to prevent the collection of vermin, and it may be scattered with good effect over land where fruit has been allowed to lie and to spoil. All drains and vaults are rendered more healthful and less foulsome by its use in powdered form, and bath-tubs should be cleansed with it every time after use as a precaution against infectious disease. Particularly is this necessary in a house where there are strangers to whom must be allowed the privilege of the bath-room.—'Michigan Advocate.'

The Foot-bath and its Uses.

The foot-bath, though simple, is yet a most useful home agent in treating sickness. Its simplicity, the ease with which it can be given and its wide range of usefulness make it especially commendable. We are apt to look upon so simple a treatment as having virtue only in infrequent diseases or unimportant conditions, but this is not true of the foot-bath, as it is of great service in several cases and is of inestimable value; it can be used by any one not initiated into the intricacies of more complicated treatments.

Have you ever tried treating a cold by means of the foot-bath? If not, you will be surprised at the result. Take a thorough foot-bath, to which mustard has been added, in the very incipiency of the cold. By 'thorough' it is meant that the feet shall be placed in water which will come as high up the calves of the legs as possible, and the water as hot as the feet can be placed into. Then, by continuously adding hot water, the foot-bath should be kept as hot as can be borne for twenty minutes at least. At the same time hot water should be drunk freely. The patient is now ready to go to bed and, after drying the feet thoroughly, should cover up warmly with extra clothing. Place something warm to the feet.

If there is a cough with pain in the chest a hot application may be given to the chest after the foot-bath. In many cases this treatment will suffice to break the cold. If not, repeat at least every day, possibly more frequently. Should the cold not yield to one or two treatments fasting will be advantageously added—not necessarily entire abstinence from food, but the eating of a limited amount of very simple food.

Headaches will frequently yield to a foot-bath without other treatment. Try it. If the head is hot wring a towel from cold water and wrap around the head.

Habitually cold feet are treated by the alternate hot and cold foot-baths. Persist in the treatment every night, or both night and morning. Do not get discouraged, and results will be obtained in time unless there is some other underlying cause preventing it.

Some people suffer from difficulty in going to sleep. The brain is active, and because of the multitude of thoughts sleep will not come. A warm foot-bath may be all that is needed. A tepid foot-bath will be found very restful and quieting to the tired nerves of a busy house-wife. She will resume her work, refreshed, after the simple treatment.

The Helpfulness of Helping.

'Oh, dear!' said an impatient mother, 'do get out from under foot.' 'But I want to help!' answered a cheery little voice.

'Help? Great help you'd be; run away and don't bother me,' replied the mother. And in a sorry tone the child said again, 'But I wanted to help!' adding, pleadingly, 'Please let me!'

'No, no, I tell you; you only bother me. Go right away.' And a little push added emphasis to the mother's words.

Years later, that mother said to a friend: 'I don't know why it is my children don't seem to care how hard I work. They seldom try to either help or save work.'

And yet cause and effect were closely allied. If she had gladly taken the offered help of the little one, and with loving patience trained the willing feet and fingers in helpfulness, she would have had a double harvest in the after years in the saving of work to herself, and, more important still, in the habit formed in her own child.

Another mother heard the same childish offer, and, looking beyond the present into the future character, replied, 'So you shall, dear.' And every day the little fingers grew more skilful. At first the dishes to be carried from dining-room to kitchen by the eager helper must be carefully selected from those least likely to break, and the carrying of the very best was a reward for a whole day without an accident.

To be sure, it was an added care to an already over-busy life, but it well repaid the labor, for as the years passed, the mother and children grew into a real partnership in both work and pleasure. The greatest reward of this mother was that her children acquired a habit of helping others, and by it were themselves made unselfish and courteous.

'Let us see how many helps we can give to-day,' was a frequent morning remark of this mother's, and she was very watchful for an opportunity herself to help the children. 'Let me help you, dear,' as a little lad struggled into his overcoat; or, 'I'll help look,' if a book or ball had wandered away.

Talking things over together, the first mother said: 'Oh, I haven't time to wait on the children; let them look out for themselves, and not expect to be waited on.' To which the second mother made answer: 'Don't you think they learn to be selfish that way? I do things for my children, and expect them to do for me and others.'

'But it's too much trouble,' said the first mother.

'Better take your trouble now than by-and-by,' replied the other. And the years proved her wisdom.

'Your children seem so glad to help you,' said a friend. 'I have to drive mine, to get any help at all.'

The other side of the story came through the window where the mothers were sitting. Their children were at play outside. Evidently some plans were under discussion, and one mother's boy said: 'You ask my mother, and I'll ask yours, and maybe they'll let us go.'

The other mother's boy replied, 'Why don't we each ask our own?'

'My mother'll say, "Yes" to you quicker'n she will to me,' replied the first of the speakers.

'My mother wouldn't,' half indignantly replied the other. 'She says she would do more for her own boy than for any boy on earth.'

And the mothers looked at each other.—Emma Graves Dietrick, in 'Christian Work.'

See and Tell.

Just as much as a home needs fresh air and sunshine to make it cheerful and healthful, does it need fresh thoughts and bright conversation to make its family life cheery and wholesome. Nearly every household has some member or members who can go out but little—the busy mother, the invalid, the aged grandparent—and these are in a great measure dependent upon the others for the atmosphere of the outside world.

Did you ever think, you young people, how much you might add to the cheer and enjoyment of the home circle by treasuring and recounting the odd, funny, pathetic, or interesting little happenings of any sort that cross your path each day? On the street, in the car, wherever you are at work or study, in what you see, or in the chat of acquaintances, these varied bits of life come to you, and if you will but form the habit of remembering them, and learn the art of telling them, your presence will sweeten and gladden the life of the home.

Such gleanings are not mere trifles. The hearty laugh, the act of heroism, the little glimpses into our lives, all have their mission, and bear many a message of hope and encouragement that the messenger does not know.—'Brethren Evangelist.'

For Baby's Comfort the Padded Box.

During the cold weather baby will be relegated to the high chair, and his coach during his playtime, for fear of cold and drafts when sitting on the floor. And master baby does not like the change, either. He is decidedly cramped and uncomfortable in such small spaces after the summer freedom on the floor. Something roomy, in which the little one can move about, and yet be free from all the drafts of air sweeping beneath the doors, is of special comfort both to the mother and the baby, and nothing supplies this need more effectively than the padded box.

Take a large dry goods box, with sides just high enough for baby to take hold of while standing. Pad the box carefully with a brightly colored quilt, and it is ready for use either in the house on cool days or out on the sunny porch or on the lawn in warm, balmy weather.

Here baby is safe from drafts, and from straying into forbidden places. He can learn to creep, to raise himself to his feet and walk, and when tired of that exercise can have his toys and play with them in the bottom of the box, and scatter them about to his heart's content, and yet always have them within reach; and while baby is safe and happy in this attractive little home of his own, his mother may have many quiet hours.—'Evening Star.'

Selected Recipes.

Banana Fritters.—Sift a light pint of flour, sift two or three times with one teaspoonful of cream tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. To this add a saltspoonful of salt, two eggs whipped very light, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and three-fourths of a cup of rich milk. Rub through the flour first a dessert spoonful of butter. Beat all to a smooth light batter. Slice bananas into four lengthwise strips, dip each slice into the batter and fry a golden brown. Sauce: Stir up to a cream half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, a well-beaten egg, and two tablespoonfuls of fruit syrup, or flavor to taste with fresh orange or lemon juice.—'Housewife.'

Meringue Pudding.—One quart of milk, one pint of grated bread, the yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of one lemon; sweeten to taste. Bake to a custard, then take from the oven. Beat the whites of the eggs with the juice of the lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread on top of the pudding, and brown in the oven.

The Modern Martha.

(Miss May Everett Clover, in the 'N.Y. Observer.')

'I never have time for such things. I am not as fortunate as some of you.' The speaker let the lace handkerchief she was making for her daughter drop for a moment to her lap. 'I can't afford to hire more help than I have, and what with the sewing, and I like to have my house kept in perfect order, and with the thousand and one things to do, I never have a moment's time to spare. It does seem that I have more to do than almost any other woman I know. Some with as large families seem to get through and have lots of time for other things. I never get time,' she said wearily.

'No wonder you never have time,' I thought, as I glanced around the room at the embroidered cushions, table cover, and countless other things which must have required many hours of labor to make; and yet she had just assured me that she never had a moment's time for reading, for exercise, for social or church work—no time for anything but the many home cares that rested upon her. I had admired the handkerchief she was making, and she had kindly offered to show me how to make one like it, but when I found that it would require all my spare time for weeks I declined to learn.

Not that I am lazy, I do not believe that I have a lay bone in my body, and I admire pretty things, as much as any woman, but because it would take the time that I devoted to reading and outdoor exercise. I am only living once in this world, and I do not propose to spend my life in making handkerchiefs which I dare not use except on very special occasions. And yet how many women, like this one, are wearing out their lives, just straining their eyes, over-taxing their nerves, and ruining their dispositions at the same time, by making worthless fancy work, and keeping their houses in such immaculate order, that when their Johns come home tired and worried from business, they dare not lie down on a sofa lest they rumple a cushion. I have a great deal of sympathy for these Johns who dare not lay a paper on the table, lest the room get out of order.

I like a well kept house, but I like some comfort at the same time. I believe that more men spend their evenings away from home, because of over-particular wives whose nerves are unstrung on account of overwork, than from any other cause. A woman's work is trying on the nerves at the best, but so many do not know how to save themselves from much unnecessary labor.

Why not leave a few tucks off Jennie's skirt, go to the store and buy some of the pretty handkerchiefs offered for sale? Buy your cushions and table covers, they will cost very little more than the material to make them of, or if you must make them, make them plainer, so that if John does put his feet on them sometimes you need not worry about them for fear they will be ruined. Get a little time to go out of doors and for reading, and then when you are busy over your household duties you will be able to think about something outside of your work and the many things that you must do; and when John comes home and speaks of what is going on in the world, you will be able to talk about it and not listen as if you scarcely know what he means. You will not only make those around you happier, but you will be happier yourself, and will find that this world is a much brighter place in which to live.—'N.Y. Observer.'

Household Hints

Grease a boiler before using it for fish, oysters, or anything which has not fat about it, else the food in the boiler will stick.

If you wish to avoid streaks when you are washing nicely painted doors, begin at the bottom and wash all the way to the top of the door. Now the paint is all wet begin at the top, wash downwards and wipe dry as you go. Streaks are caused by soapy or dirty water running down over the dry paint.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

When silver spoons become discolored from eggs, scour them with fine table salt. This will remove the discoloration, which is caused by the sulphur in the egg, and not scratch or wear the silver.

You can tell when a fish is well broiled by its beginning to flake apart. You will also notice the flesh begins to separate from the backbone.

PATENT REPORT.

Following is a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Canada.—Nos. 86,296, Wm. Millar, New Hamburg, Ont., compensating stove pipe joints and couplings; 86,302, William Goetz, Winnipeg, Man., harness tug securing and releasing devices; 86,303, Arthur P. Couture, Toronto, Ont., pivoted sash supports; 86,321, Messrs Ketelson & Putraw, Seattle, Wash., self-venting faucet; 86,332, Joseph Dupont, Rochester, N.Y., pneumatic tire; 86,357, Octave Aube, Montreal, Que., smoke consumer.

United States.—752,398, Joseph Louis Kieffer, Montreal, Que., stitch forming mechanism for shoe-sewing machines; 753,905, August Meuschel, Montreal, Que., electric traction system for railways; 756,319, Philias Belle, Montreal, Que., stiffener bath.

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BABY'S OWN

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal: and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

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The 'Messenger' is at once the cheapest and most interesting paper published of its kind.

The Subscription rate for Sabbath school clubs is only twenty cents a year.

If your school already takes another paper, perhaps some particular class would try the 'Northern Messenger.' The 'Messenger' stories would prove a real incentive to regular attendance and would be helpful in every home the paper entered.

Our experience is that if one class gets it the whole school will order it before long. The circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' has grown with leaps and bounds; numbering to-day over sixty thousand copies a week.

Superintendents or teachers may have it on trial for four consecutive weeks, **FREE OF CHARGE**, in sufficient numbers to give a copy to each family represented.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

ALL THESE GIVEN AWAY

And Many Other VALUABLE ARTICLES, for selling our Large Beautiful Packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each. To Show Them Means To Sell Them. With every Package we give a certificate worth 60c FREE. You Need No Money. We Trust You. Just send us your name and address and we will send you postpaid 1 dozen packages. When sold send the money and we send you the present you choose and earn from our Large List of Unequalled Premiums. The Finest Ever Given. PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT 463 TORONTO.

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Everybody buys them. Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a post card to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at 10c. each only 20 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 43 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Everybody buys them. Mary Sproules, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 60c. certificate free with each package. Write us a post card to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." Prize Seed Co., Dept. 434 Toronto.

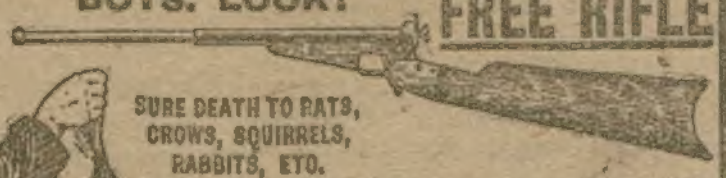
COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE

It plays every kind of instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

It Plays Itself

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 3 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn; all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one Song record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I've going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays, just as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co., Dept. 108, Toronto**

BOYS, LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only 2½ doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Sproules, Mopo Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

BOYS! BOYS! WE WANT TO GIVE YOU THESE SEVEN Handsome Presents FREE

A Self-Filling Fountain Pen (fills itself and can't leak), the very latest out, same pattern as Pens sold for $1.50; a big powerful **Steam Engine,** that makes 300 revolutions in a minute, strongly made of steel, iron and brass, has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner complete; a **Horseless Carriage,** runs all by itself; a tortoise shell handled **Combination Knife;** a handsomely polished solid silver nickel **Boy's Watch,** with heavy bevelled crystal, hard enamelled dial, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement; a **Boy's Complete Rubber Printing Outfit.** All these Presents given away for selling only 20 of our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful gold filigree heart-shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These Lockets have never been sold in Canada for less than 25c. **At our price, only 15c., you can sell the whole 20 in half an hour.** We also give a certificate worth **50c.** free with each Locket. **Remember,** you don't get your "choice" of these handsome presents, but **you get every one** shown here for selling only 20 of our fast-selling Lockets. No boy ever had such a good chance as this. Write us **to-day** to send you the Lockets and receive a beautiful Gold-finished Tie Pin, set with a large fiery Ruby **FREE** as a prize for promptness. Address **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 460, Toronto, Ont.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 479, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Handsome Presents FREE SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 20 large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. **No trouble to sell our Seeds** when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world of over 60 different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give a **certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring,** solid Gold finished and set with **Rubies and Pearls,** and, **if you send us your name and address at once,** we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case Watch,** elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a $50.00 **Solid Gold Watch, FREE, in addition to the Ring,** without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 411 TORONTO**

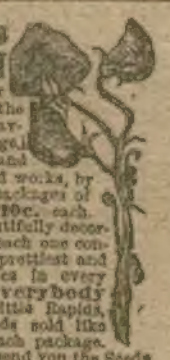
BOYS EARN THIS WATCH

With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.**

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 455, Toronto.

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x20 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 418 Toronto.

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, **16 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets,** each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c.,** and give **a certificate worth 50c. free with each one,** return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the lockets and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished **ring** set with a **large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the lockets in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 434 Toronto.**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each locket. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 463, Toronto.**

Handsome Fur Scarf and Ring FREE

We trust you with **14** large, beautiful Gold Filigree Heart-shaped Lockets, each containing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world (never before sold for less than 25c.), to sell for **only 15c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **No trouble to sell our beautiful Perfumed Lockets.** The first 14 people you meet will gladly buy when you say they are only 15c. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **Handsome, stylish Fur Scarf, over 40 inches long,** that looks exactly like one costing $10, made of beautiful, soft, warm, black Coney Fur from specially selected skins, with six large bushy tails and a handsome neck and chain fastener. If you write us at once to send you the Lockets, and sell them and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **FREE, in addition to the Fur Scarf,** an elegant gold-finished **Opal Ring** in a velvet-lined case as an **extra present.** Ladies and girls, you will find our Lockets the easiest sellers you ever handled, and our premiums the most beautiful ever given away. Don't fail to write at once. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 435 Toronto, Ont.**

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